CHET

AND OTHER WRITINGS.

Arthur Firman Jack.

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"CHET,"

ALSO OTHER WRITINGS,

BY

Arthur Fiennes Jack.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN.

A MEMORIAL FROM HIS PARENTS.

NEW YORK,
1899.

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DEDICATED

TO HIS CLASS OF '99,

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

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Arthur Fiennes Jack.

At the age of 12.

PREFACE.

It is very evident from the fragmentary matter from which this paternal tribute to a loving and dutiful son is compiled, in the special section wherein only a portion left by him is devoted, that both the youth's mind and ambition tended toward literary work, his evident objective stepping-stone being newspaper, or as it is termed by some, "journalistic" employment. That this is true can be discerned throughout. He had laid out a unique plan of his own, and the brief sketches, "Chats with My Friend the Brahmin," and the story of "Chet on the Expounder," demonstrate, in addition to the extraordinary literary merit of all of his writings, the style and school of discipline he had set for himself as a standard and a guide; from them can be seen that he was no ordinary, humdrum, harum-scarum boy, but that he was the happy possessor of an intellect that was surprisingly mature for one of his age. Method seems to have been his guiding star, and this work will prove of great value in many directions, but in one it will be priceless, and that is as an example for all boys of his age, and even older or younger, to emulate him in everything, but particularly in method.

There is no one of even moderate intelligence, especially those who knew him and those who peruse these pages, who can help but say or think that a genius was lost to the world and to humanity by his sad, untimely, and tragic taking off.

One great regret of his grief-stricken parents is the absence of many of his writings from the present compilation.

Among the missing manuscripts are two volumes of "Chats with My Friend the Brahmin," whose contents comprised in each volume more than double as much matter as that contained in number one, herein published. Aside from the literary excellence of this product, as exhibited in volume one, the missing volumes are a direct loss to those desirous of acquiring knowledge of that great Empire of India, of which, comparatively speaking, so little is really known. His father, Mr. John Jack, who has been one of the great travelers of the globe, and who had read them, says: "That they were marvelous in the line of intelligence about the entire history of India, and really encompassed more in their scope than anything he had ever read about that still unexplored region of the earth." This he expresses with a becoming modesty, as befitting a doting parent, when speaking of his loving and sacrificed boy.

HUGH COYLE, Compiler.

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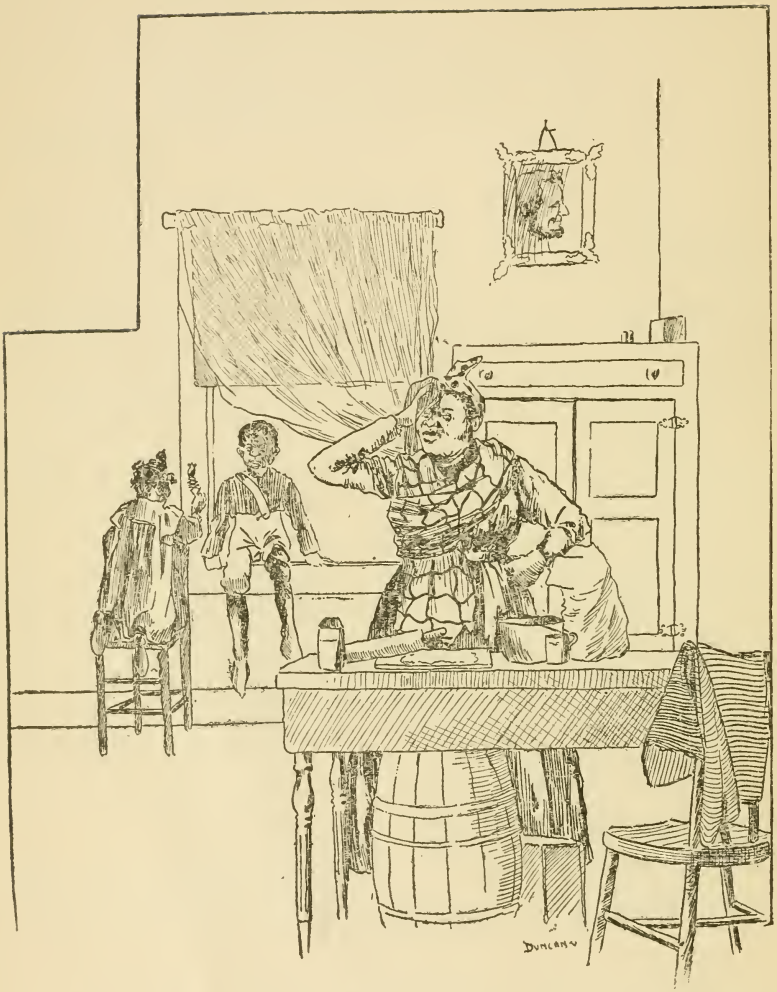


AUNTIE "CHLY:" "THE SUN WAS SHOWIN' OFF PARTICKERLY MIGHTY."

CHAPTER I.

"CHET, THE EXPECTED."

It was a blazing hot day, sultry and intolerable even in the shade, that was the usher in of the on-coming summer that promised to be up to the famed and Northern feared standard of torridity, which the South of a few years past had held up to the "No'th'n" folks as a standing punishment if they dared to invade the heart of their Southern territory and maintain their footing. Their dare to encroach upon their soil was snapped up by the "boys in blue," but when the soldiers in gray were forced to retreat before the triumphant invaders, the encroachers found a climate as well as a people to battle against, and both were frightful to face.

The "No'th'ners" suffered the full penalty of their intrusion, when old Sol came out in his annual glory, and by the time the summer season was nearly over the "Yanks" found they had suffered more by Sol's rays than they had by "Reb" bullets, which, as a rule were not scarce, and uncomfortably sure, from the fact of the gunners' long practical experience in private, as well as military life.

The war of "secesh" was over now, the "reconstruction period" had commenced vaporally in earnest, but in every way commenced slowly. The Southerners had been "licked" in substantial strength, yet their omnipotent sectional ire remained, less formidable, but a thousandfold stronger in deep-rooted bitterness. All the South, every man, every woman, every babe had suffered for and with the "Lost Cause," but they went down with it conscious of their earned respect as fighters, or, as they would have it, "defenders."

The sun was out to stay in this day in question, and he was "showin' off pertickerly mighty," as Aunt Chlydie ("Chly"), of "Jedge Huston's plantation," expressed herself. She knew, for she was the aunty of all aunties, of all the plantations around ("for the Hustons" was "reckoned" one of the finest if not the best plantation in the district, though not the largest or most valuable of all by any means).

The Huston plantation, like nearly all others, was old and in ante-bellum times was the home or "center" of several others. It had

grown by accretion from a moderate size strip of land owned by the "fust Huston," until it became immense, and controlled, or, was connected with numerous others by monetary and family ties. But the war broke up everything, and with it the happiness of the plantation, as it had thousands of others. The family contentment in "the center" had been virtually broken up before the war-cloud burst, but the stern Northern invaders completed the disruption of the family, and ruined it nearly beyond repair, financially.

Major Owle, who had owned a good sized plantation adjoining on the North, had been killed at Fair Oaks, and with him fell his two sons and nephew. Owle was a brother-in-law of the Hustons; his wife died from privations and a broken heart. The house and land had been swept away by overpowering debts, contracted in aiding their Confederacy, whom every Southerner had looked upon as a personal ward. The daughter of the Owles "Miss Emily," a delicate, quiet girl, was now under the personal protection of her uncle, Judge Huston, who had the rare distinction of being a judge in reality, as well as in characteristics (which latter generally brought the Southerner his title, the reason there was never a dearth of "titled" personages in the South.)

Another family connection, I might mention, who, like the Owles, had "gone down," were the Dabwellows, who owned a fair-sized plantation on the South of the Hustons.

Old Dabwellow and his only son had died in the war. Dabwellow senior at Antietam, and Dabwellow junior from the effect of hardships and wounds received "'round Richmond." He was a hearty, brave young fellow, always on the qui vive, always for the fight, and never satisfied, no matter how "big the booming was," as he phrased a battle in a letter to his sponsor, Judge Huston. He fortunately had no mother or sisters to mourn his loss, but the Hustons grieved in their stead, for he was a "bright an' loving youngster" the Judge would eternally remark. He was the greatest personal loss the Hustons were called upon to suffer in the course of strife, and the death cast a terrible, extra shadow on their many bereavements.

The Bawne plantation, bounding the Huston's on the west, was owned by another family connection. Several of the Bawnes had married members of the Huston household. Franklin Bawne was a lieutenant-colonel in a Georgia regiment, he had lost his life in a desperate but vain charge in battle. William Bawne gave his life for the cause, and his brother Jefferson had been crippled permanently in a raid; he died a year and a half after the conclusion of the Civil Belligerency. The women folks and two young Bawnes, Thomas and Edward, now "run the plantation" under the counsel, really the super-

vision, of Judge Huston, who might be termed a "small father of his country."

There are any number of Huston connections of more or less closeness, but more widely separated, who had suffered, likewise. Among them, the Xaviers, reduced to "white trash" by the deaths of the most worthy and promising heads of the family, and the swallowing up of their estates; of course, the "white trash" remnants are not considered Xaviers by the family connections, but although they are a worthless, shiftless lot, they bear the name and sport the fame of their noble ancestors. No one could deny them the right to do this. But it was galling to the Hustons to have under their very noses these "people" who depreciated the family standing and motto "Proud and Fair."

I will not go into a dissertation on the family misfortunes, the chronicling of which could evoke no special interest. Suffice to say, the Huston household consisted of the father, Judge Huston, his wife and daughter, Katherine, and his ward (but more properly adopted daughter, as he felt a thorough parental love for her) Emily Vanard Owle.

To-day, all were out on the broad piazza of the old mansion; old it was, ragged too, and a veteran of the past; it had passed through many special glories, short-lived and long-lived. To-day it would be a melancholy artist, who would be exceedingly captured with its beauty; but it has beauty, and perhaps on second thought our sentimental vein would place us liable to its attractive power, but then it would be the artistic effect of the climbing jessamine and the honeysuckle clinging to the lattice on the white wooden Doric colonnades of the structure, the horse chestnut trees shading it, the old garden in the foreground, intersected by three uneven, and two of them undulating paths that led down to the old grassy lane, it in turn shaded on the Huston side by a number of pleasant broad leaved Ailanthus trees, which were faithful protectors, braving steadfastly wind, storm and the most penetrating sun, so that the occasional wayfarer, on a day like this, might remember when he passed the "Judge's" he had been perfectly shielded for a few moments, and that these natural friends had refreshed and reinvigorated his weltering anatomy by their intervention between him and the summer "baker."

At a spot a little further down is the "junction" where the turnpike diverges into two roads the Huston grounds are fenced in in the immediate front, by a neat white-washed fence in harmony with the white edifice in the background, but the outlying fencing was proverbially Southern, picketless, torn down and semi-whitewashed; but this only added quaintness and naturalness (if possible) to our scene,

provided we "take" to the really "played-out" surroundings in this sentimentally poetic view.

The unpoetic mind, however, would likely fail to appreciate the typical scene, because of its lack of glaring beauty, or because of the numbers of such sights to be seen at the time, the latter mostly the cause, for nearly all are at first entranced body and soul.

The Judge, who was seated in the middle of the piazza, was ensconced in a huge and comfortable arm chair (an honored heirloom and relic of the good old days) squarely facing the intermediate and largest of the three ancient paths of the old wooden mansion. His view of the surrounding country was simply sublime. He could see, from the rather elevated position of his residence, the spires of the town's staunch and haughtily built churches, the tower of the Town Hall, and, in brief, obtained a half bird's-eye view of Zodgeton.

The Judge was not a fat man in the general sense of the term, but we must confess he had the indication of a corporation, that might grow, by a sufficient amount of idle cultivation, to such a degree as to evoke the loud admiration of the obesity admiring Chinaman, but this is speculation. Although the Judge was portly, his cheery, bronzed face was devoid of the usual flabbiness of stoutness (mind me, I have no grudge against corpulence). Take the Judge all in all, he had picked up during the short space "since the wah," the furrows of those past exciting times, the cares of weighty dependencies had, nevertheless, left their stamp on his high broad brow, but they, like those of his amiable wife, beside him, were the scars, the disfigurements—no, the life-lasting print of their combined anxiety and struggle for the honorable sustenance of themselves and national principles. Both husband and wife had been reduced in physical stamina by the trying efforts of the past, but both kept up, the wife gayly and the husband cheerily, and, as he enthusiastically vouchsafed, he was "hearty as a buck and fresh as a four-year-old." He had a happy, redundant disposition, not by any means boisterous, but always quietly enjoying himself and others, as they themselves were pleased by his straightforward, honest way. He had resolved since the war, to throw off his cares (an effort so seldom made by the ruined planters during this period), and, if they permitted him, after his efforts, to remain peaceful and contented. So far he had been eminently successful, and everyone of his unhappy, miserable neighbors and friends, marveled at his equanimity of joyful temperament under the appalling strains of work he went through in a determined effort to retrieve his fortunes, his laurels, he said, rightly, would never need retrieving.

Mending a fortune is often harder than building one, so the Judge found it. He had accepted a Justice of the Peaceship as much for

the good of his much-attached community as for the small income he derived from it. He had been offered more esteemed and larger revenue-yielding State positions, and had firmly declined them. He wouldn't dabble in politics—"it was against his peaceful doctrine of life." Huston was an ardent scholar in his young days, and his study of law was his standby, for his practice was now both extended and esteemed (naturally, consequently, high-priced). He was charitable, as all true Southerners are, rich or poor, but he also believed that charity begins at home, and followed this branch of the law of charity accordingly. It is foundationally declared and presumed, that goodness of character is evidenced in the face, no matter how homely the owner's physiognomy may be (a good person's face can never be ugly, though it may be homely, denote the distinction. I believe in this myself). The Judge's broad face betokened all his pure brain dictated, for even his angled nose had a beaming tip that matched his twinkling gray eyes, that snapped slowly under bushy auburn eyebrows. He was dressed, Southern planter fashion, in a light spotlessly clean linen suit, and beside his chair lay an expensive and imposing panama hat. From the Judge's mouth was issuing a wreath of tobacco smoke, which he watched intently and silently curl upwards into minor clouds ascending to join the mammoth celestial ones, that one could not see in the clear sky above. The Judge was supremely happy, for three months ago, he had succeeded in paying off the last debt against his family name, a feat, indeed, for it had been accomplished in a penniless country inhabited by a people in consummate apathy, but he had forgotton his Southern languor in his desire to be free from fiscal incumbrances, and had, unconsciously, emulated energetically, his Northern brother (for whom, in spite of his innate benevolence and usual fairmindedness, he had a wholesome dislike, though not the abomination then prevalent among the Southerners).

The Judge was quiet—he generally was—and, as the day was making the "thermometer perspire," he was not anxious to start out of his silent mood, but he did. His splendid meerschaum contained the choicest of choice Southern weed, and the odor of the narcotic would make the most resolute smoker's mouth water, but his wife was an abstainer, who, poor woman, as she stepped lightly from her chair to arrange a "hunch" of the Judge's collar, received a full-fledged whiff of the "horrid stuff," which occasioned a severe coughing spell. Immediately the Judge jumped up, threw his usually carefully handled pipe on the flooring, and stepped quickly to his wife's side, tenderly seating her in her chair, looking in her face anxiously with concern for his thoughtlessness; she gave him a sweet smile and softly said in a somewhat choked voice, "I'm all right, dear."

"Well, I'm mightily careless, not to know yo' were back of me," he said with a look of relief. The two girls, Miss Emily and auburn-haired Katherine—"Miss Reddy," as her girl friends called her in pique, had crowded around their mother, as quickly and as anxiously as the Judge had. Miss Katherine now said, grievously, "Paw, yo're a real nuisance with that nasty old pipe that yo' take such a pride in. Yo' know ma's lungs aren't strong, why don't you quit smokin'? Yo're old tobacco even bothers my lungs, which aren't at all delicate."

"Well, dearie," said the Judge, smilingly, "the pipe's a solace to me an' a menace to you; that's the reason I'm always smoking, as you declare I am."

The Judge chuckled, Mrs. Huston smiled, as did Miss Emily; and Miss Katherine stepped over to her father and slapped him on the back, saying, "Yo're too smart, Mr. Judge."

The Judge chuckled more than ever, sat down in his chair slowly, and the girls nestled on the piazza steps in front of him. After a brief quiet, the thoughtful Emily asked languidly, "Uncle, he's comin' to-day, ain't he?"

"Yes," said the Judge, rather drawlingly, "Chet telegraphed he'd arrive to-day. He ought to be here in two hours, if the slow old train don't give out unusual bad. We'll give him a good reception, won't we, eh?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Huston warmly, and the girls strongly chorused her. "Aunty Chly promised a splendid dinner, and we've fixed his room up homelike for him. I hope he's a nice young fellow."

The Judge took a few whiffs, slowly, as all looked askantly at him. "Well," he deliberately replied to this half question, "he writes good-heartedly, and he ought to be, for his mother was as sweet-tempered a girl as ever lived, she was foolish, though, awfully foolish! She fell in love," his voice changed into a slightly harsher key, "a half No'th'ner, but he, poor fellow," his voice went down softly, "tried to make amends for his breeding an' standing, by assimilating with So'th'n life, but he didn't bolt his original ideas to gain our favor."

"Was he a rank Yankee?" asked Katherine quizzically and contemptuously.

"No-o-o," replied the Judge, "he was a strange mixture. He was born and early rear'd in Maine, and when a youth, traveled West, where he lived a spell, and then came down to Tennessee, where he was an editor an' part owner of a paper in a town in this State."

The Judge now lapsed into silence after thus unsatisfactorily answering the query.

"But, Paw. Did he want to free the niggers, was he a black abolitionist?"

"Oh, no!" replied the pensive father, with a chuckling shake of his head and shrug of his shoulders. "He was, as I said, a strange mixture. More So'th'n than No'th'n, but a man can't get along here unless he's all So'th'n. He weren't. That's the reason he weren't successful South, an' thought it better to try the border for his luck." Here again the Judge relapsed into abstraction. But his inquisitive daughter was not going to let him ponder and smoke as he was wont to do.

"Well, how about this young feller, Chet. What about him, paw?" queried Miss Katherine, more querulously.

"Humph!" re-spoke the Judge, "yo're interested about him, are you?"

"Yes, I reckon I be, yo' ain't ever told much about him an' his folks, and have only occasionally read his letters from Europe to us. I never thought much about him, until yo' wrote from Redlands, that he was comin' to live with us, and as you were away, and jest got back yesterday, Emily an' I ain't had a chance to ask yo' any questions about him. We've seen the photographs he sent yo' every few months, an' put 'em in the album, we've seen yo' send him good sized sums o' money, and once or twice yo' read letters to him, to us; but that's all, we were never concerned about him, 'cause he was so far away; now that he's on his way heah, we want to know what he's been. We never knew his paw was a low down Yank."

Miss Emily quietly affixed her undeniable approval to the declaration by timidly saying, "That's so, uncle."

The Judge, ruffled a little that the appellation, "low down Yankee," should be applied to a Huston connection, said rather sternly, "I told you, Miss Reddy (the soubriquet so much detested by that young lady), that"—

Here the Judge was interrupted by his offending daughter, who said with snappy spirit, "Yo're red headed yo'self. I ain't ashamed o' bein' red-headed, but I don't see why I should be called Miss Reddy when no one nicknamed yo' Judge Reddy."

"My dearie," said the Judge calmly, and with more kindliness of tone, to soothe the little rebellious temper he had stirred up, "My dear, if yo' were not so ready with that little fire-spit tongue of yours, perhaps we'd forget the hair and the name."

"There yo' go with your tiring tautological jokes!"—pause, and quickly simmering down. "But go on about Chet and his'n, Paw."

"Well, that's sensible, quite a change of mettle, too, ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Judge good-humoredly, "curiosity is your special weakness, Kathie, anyone could see that."

After a short pipe-puffiing, during which silence reigned supreme,

and the girls watched the Judge impatiently, "His Honor" commenced again in his free and easy way.

"W-well, George Wunnal, Chet's father, though born in New England, was a fust class Democrat, and his vote an' heart were always with his ballot, he believed in State's rights to a degree, but not in slavery in all its forms, although he considered abolitionists dead crazy; with these views he was nearly a half-and-halfer with his most inclined (friends) on the Southern side, his twenty years life in the No'th had spoilt him for a man who would have sided with the Confederacy, when it was formed, as he thought the Union proper, an' didn't see the wrong of it in the least."

"I hope his son Chet's got more sense," broke in Miss Katherine, with emphasis.

"Humph! We'll soon see. I guess he has. He's got enough So'th'n blood in him, naturally, an' it ought ter carry him through," declared the Judge, vigorously.

"How was it this Wunnal came to marry a Huston, uncle?" asked the much silent Miss Emily, demurely.

"Yes, how?" interpolated the ever talkative "Miss Reddy."

"Oh, by chance, yo' may rest assured," responded the Judge. "He was, yo' see, a young editor o' a paper in Tennessee, where he met my sister Rebecca, who, because Wunnal was rather handsome, but not as much so as some of Beck's old beaus here in Georgia, and because he was something of a gallant, she had to fall in love with him. She was on a visit to a spinster aunt in Tennessee, and as her visit was prolonged, the love grew lasting, an' when it was 'bout time to return home to Georgia, she ran off with this young newspaper man an' got married. If I'd been there she'd never have done it," affirmed the Judge, confidently. Here the Judge was again disposed to go back into suspended animation, but the girls were curious, and would have none of it, and, after a painful pause, the irrepressible Miss Katherine burst out, "Go on, Paw, go on."

The Judge, who, in the intervening moments had fallen into a reverie and half into the land of nod, started and ejaculated, "What?"

"Go on with the story, Paw," reiterated his daughter.

"Do, uncle," pleaded Miss Emily.

"Eh? All right. Since I started in, I ought to finish up, I reckon. Well, my aunt who had a fiery temper, like my father—her brother—would have nothing to do with Becky after her error, and my father, after Aunt Lympy wrote home the circumstances, and remarked at length that Wunnal was impecunious an' a speckled No'th'ner, foolishly seconded her, declaring Becky disinherited. The principal cause

of the ensuing estrangement though, was obviously the fact that Hawley Howard, son of old Hawley Howard, loved Becky and they were engaged. The Howards were rich an' influential, an' Hawley really loved Becky; so much so, that he'd never married up to th' time he was killed in a feud with th' Wills. I was a young man at the time Becky was disowned, an' kicked sturdily, but father's word was law," said the Judge, impressively looking at the oft willful Miss Katherine, who just blandly withstood the generally awe-inspiring look, so effective, as a rule in the Judge's judicial capacity. "So," continued the Judge, "I succumbed to the inevitable and held my peace, after a fashion, but, occasionally I broke silence on the subject, remonstrating with father in Becky's behalf. This only provoked storm after storm, each one becoming worse, and, as my endeavors were in vain, I shut up, although, if mother had been alive, my pleadings would undoubtedly have been of some avail. Becky lived in Tennessee nine years with her husband, and then went with him to Kansas, when his business was burnt out. With them they took their two sons, Chet or Chester, named after father, and George, named after Wunnal himself. The fact, that the oldest boy was christened Chester Huston Wunnal was clear proof that the poor mother loved her family dearly, above all, her father. In Kansas times were most troubled, but Wunnal was a gritty, honorable man and set to work to build a fortune for the wife and children he devotedly loved. He had proud blood in him, and kept his little family modestly, and held his head up well; he was respected, too, though everyone knew his half No'th'n tendencies. His Kansas paper progressed fairly good, an' from what I have gleaned from Chet's written information, he grew to be happy an' satisfied with his rather hard lot. Poor Becky was perfectly miserable, an' was dyin' hungry to see her folks in Georgia.

"About this time Tilly died o' fever, and poor Paw was terribly broken 'bout it; Aunt Lympy an' I tried to console him, but it was no use, he was inconsolable. Then I thought of a sudden it'd be a ripe time to have a family reunion, an' urged Aunt Lympy to help me get father's consent to recall Becky. She acceded to my request, when she saw Paw's health depended on it, an' with little talk we had Paw as anxious to see Becky as she must have been to see him. Paw was too ill to travel, I was head an' heels busy, so Aunt Lympy made the trip to Kansas alone, to bring Becky and the boys home.

"Aunt Lympy reached Kansas, saw the folks an' from the one letter we got from her, was havin' a jolly time. But here in th' midst of our expectation the crash came. Becky, her son George and Aunt Lympy were out ridin' with two spirited horses pullin', the horses got

scared at somethin' an' the women lost control of them; the carriage went over an embankment, Becky an' George were instantly killed an' pooah Aunt Lympy mortally injured, she died a few hours after. By luck Chet had been left home because he was sick, an' so he was saved.

"Paw, when he got the news (we broke it with caution, and mighty keerful, too,) sank right down in collapse, apoplexy carrying him off before the day was over.

"Even after all this, I wrote on to Wunnal, to have Chet come on an' visit us, yo' Kathie was a little mite then. Wunnal said he would only be too glad to send Chet on, an' he wrote a real condoling and gentlemanly letter in answer to my missive.

"A little over three months after this, poor Wunnal was shot and killed by a cowardly feller, whom Wunnal had disparaged in his paper for doin' some underhand trick. Tho' the feller assassinated Wunnal by takin' him unawares at night, he got off scott free.

"Poor Chet, who was but eleven, was left an orphan. I sent word on to have him come on to me, but it seems Wunnal had a brother, who had taken care of Chet when he made a visit to him, an' as the youngster liked him, an' didn't know nothin' about me, it was but natural he should go with this uncle, Jabez, who lived in Missouri.

"Chet lived with his uncle an' his wife, about a year or so, in the little Missourian town, where the uncle edited an' ran a paper. Then, the wife of Jabez decided to make a trip to England to see her folks there, she took Chet along with her. Just 'bout when she was ready to come back, the wah broke out an' as she was in delicate health an' happy with her family, Jabez Wunnal wrote her to remain where she was, an' to put Chet to school. She did so. The wah went on, an' so did her lung trouble; she traveled over Europe (for her husband was pretty well fixed), but could find no climate that would positively agree with her, consumption slowly but surely growing on her. In the early part of '68 she died; her husband, Jabez, had died a year before, and the means he had made had been nearly swallowed up by the costs of her efforts to regain health. Chet knew of me, obtained my address from a friend of mine in England, and wrote me an account of affairs, asking me for assistance. I sent him back a sum to bridge over emergencies, and told him he could come on to America immediately and live with me, or else could remain in England with an allowance from me. He replied that he would prefer to finish his classical course that he was undergoing in England, an' then come on, so I acquiesced. The course took six months more to finish up. He has graduated now, and is comin' on to see us; to be, I hope, as much my son as my nephew."

The Judge abruptly subsided, and the girls quietly whispered together for some time, finally Miss Katherine's voice broke out again. "I hope he is not an English fop, or a No'th'n boor, Paw," said she with fervor.

"Not much," emphatically burst forth the Judge, "I know not what he is, but he cannot be a milksop or a boor. His Huston blood would preserve him from both."

"I hope so," remarked Miss Emily moodily.

"I know so," declared the Judge, vociferously.

"Yo're only guessin' Paw," chipped in the Judge's daughter.

"Oh, no, I'm not! I can read his character both in his photographs and his letters," denied the Judge.

'But may be he has an amanuensis who sits for his photos and writes his letters for him," suggested the daughter persistently and annoyingly.

"Now, yo're only guessin', Miss Calamity," cynically said the Judge.

"Well, mabbe," was the injured reply.

Then the girls recommenced talking girl style sotto voce, while the Judge continued calmly smoking.

This peacefulness continued some little time, then the Judge drew from his vest pocket his massive and handsome silver watch.

"It's four o'clock," he remarked, denoting the time, "Cousin Chet ought to arrive in an hour. I'll go up stairs an' take a nap, then yo' wake me when Job has the carriage around. He'll hev it heah in three quarters of an hour." Rising slowly, the judge handed his meerschaum to Miss Emily, who had reached for it, and then crossed to the door, stopping to give his wife a kiss and embrace. As he started on his way upstairs through the hall he turned and said: "Yo're pensive, to-day. Eh?"

"Yes, dear, I'm thinking about the boy," replied his wife.

"Don't yo' worry about him," said the Judge reassuringly. "He's all right. He's a Huston."

And he went slowly upstairs, leaving his wife smiling contentedly, and the girls chattering, as usual.

CHAPTER II.

"CHET, THE ARRIVAL."

At five o'clock, sharp, the Judge, Mrs. Huston, the girls and the negro Job, with the carriage were waiting at the station in Zodgeton for the expected traveler.

As usual, the slow-going Southern "express" was away behind time, but the station agent would only admit it was slighly slow, twenty-five minutes late. Like all late comers, the stuffy-looking locomotive came puffing and blowing and spouting in, as if she had accomplished wonders to get there any time at all.

Soon as this snail perambulator had come to a standstill, the girls made a rush for the cars. The Judge less hastily followed them. (Mrs. Huston remaining in the carriage.)

Among the first out was the looked-for nephew and cousin. He made a long jump from the steps, shooting well out on the platform.

"There he is," cried out Miss Katherine, exuberantly, espying him, and recognizing him by his mooted likeness to his photos. "See him, Paw. Ain't he big, I declare."

The object of these exclamations looked at the little group, dropped his two immense valises and made a wild rush for them, giving the Judge a bear-like hug, that nearly threw him off his pedal extremities, but was held up by the strong fellow. Nevertheless, the Judge was troubled with shortness of breath for some minutes afterwards. Soon as the young fellow relaxed his vise like grip, he turned and jumped for the girls, but he didn't hug them. They cordially gave him their hands, which he shook heartily. Even critical Miss Katherine wasn't disappointed in his appearance, in spite of all her pessimistic grumblings and unpleasant forebodings.

He was a beardless youth of eighteen, about five feet ten in height; slim, but squarely and wirily built; his complexion was medium, neither light nor dark, his eyes an azure blue, his features plain, but sharp, his mouth large and clear cut, but it, and his chin, having a bull-dog determined look that was only softened by his kindly eyes. The girls were satisfied, but not captivated with him at all. The Judge

was supremely satisfied and happy, for his nephew had the Huston angled nose and their expressive eyes and intellectual forehead, but otherwise that fond relative could discover no other family resemblance. That extra tenacious mouth and chin was quite foreign, but it wasn't such a bad acquisition, he reasoned, even though the Huston chin would have sufficed, for it wasn't weak by any means.

After a careful scanning of his nephew's features, and an attempt to read his mind, the Judge suddenly remembered where he was and perceived a crowd of "trash" collecting around his party, so he strode over to his nephew, grasped the muscular left arm of that young man and marched him along the platform towards the carriage, the girls falling in step behind.

"Well, Chet, how did you like your trip?" inquired the Judge, as they went along.

"Great," said Chet in an enthusiastic tone. "Of course, I was seasick, and all that on the voyage over, you know."

"Don't Chet, use that detestable 'Yo' know, or don't yo' know.' I notice yo' ain't much o' a Britisher, but yo've imbibed some of th' mannerisms. Yo' must be American to th' core over here. No Huston was ever a Briton."

"All right, nuncy, but y—um—a fellow who has spent over eight years on the British Isles must have some characteristics of the land, do-d-d—."

"Well, now be careful, my dear fellow, I see yo're made o' American material, anyway, an' yo' ain't an ape, either."

"No, I don't think you'll find me a cad. I'm not that sort of a chap y-y-y——"

"Yes, I understand," said the Judge, approvingly, seeing the effort made to break off the eternal British phrase, "don't, etc."

"Here yo' are at last," came the smiling greeting from Mrs. Huston, seated in the second seat of the family carriage.

"Yes, here we are, and here's Chet," thrusting the young fellow forward to his aunt, who threw her arms around his neck and gave him a sounding kiss. "What do yo' think of him, Libby?"

"Why, he's a fine fellow," replied Mrs. Huston, with fervor, as the "new" nephew blushed deeply or to put it more manly, became as red as a lobster, before this honest flattery, and we understand that British born and British bred men dislike flattery, verily.

"Get on the front seat, Chet," commanded the Judge, pleasantly.

"Oh, let me help the young ladies into the carriage first," replied and asked the nephew politely.

"Aha, the English have kept up your etiquette. Yo're a Huston all

right. A year or two here will make a thorough one of you, and there won't be much Wunnal left."

Accidentally, the Judge had stepped on a corn, for back came the speedy and spirited reply, "Uncle, once an Englishman, always an Englishman, the Wunnal axiom is, 'once a Wunnal, always a Wunnal,' also," inoffensively, but thus firmly he spoke, and the words only impressed the Judge the more and made him think "he's a Huston for sure."

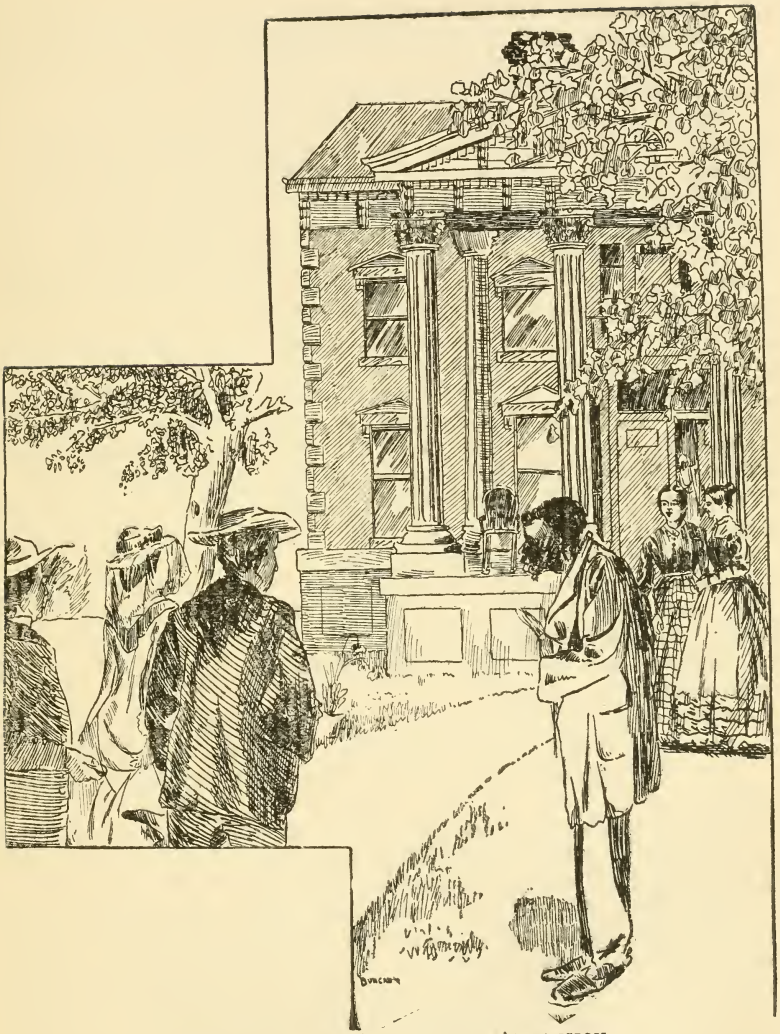
At this point, Job, the "especial" Huston servant, a herculean young negro, came along, perspiring freely under the load of the two loaded and weighty valises. He placed them carefully in the carriage, while Chet and the Judge were busy assisting the young ladies into the rear seat. After this had been majorally and most gallantly done by young Wunnal, helped slightly by the Judge, Chet tipped his hat to the girls, who smiled, nodded and thanked decorously, in recognition of his services, and he helped his uncle into the middle seat beside Mrs. Houston, after which he jumped on the front seat, and Job, who was ready, started the horses off, the pack of foxhounds running with the carriage, barking with delight to be on the road again.

Down the broad avenue of Zodgeton they went at a clipping speed, flying by the numerous little stores (with exceptions, of course,), past the Court House, Jail and Postoffice, on Court House Square, past Hodkins Hotel, the resort of the place, the two newspaper buildings of the town, and other local places, which the Judge pointed out and described to the attentive Chet. Of course, everyone looked curiously at the carriage and its occupants, and Job, the driver was the "proudest nigger on earth."

After passing out through the suburbs of the town, they struck the old turnpike, increased speed and the two blooded horses raced for home in spite of the heat, for the sun hadn't altogether died out yet.

When they reached "home," all the servants were out in "full dress," to receive the newcomer hospitably. The gates to the drive were opened quickly and respectfully by Old Uncle Quinn, an aged negro, the oldest of the Huston servants, and a bright young negro boy. Both bowed their heads as the carriage went through the gateway, but Chet was surprised when all the servants collected around the household, made a sort of East Indian salaam to them, and then, those who did not rush eagerly forward to assist in the alighting of the party or the unburdening of the carriage stood deferentially aside, quietly, but attentively watching every movement the Hustons made.

"What do yo' think of the place, Chet?" asked the Judge, with a long wave of his arm and hand.



ARRIVAL OF "CHET" AT HIS UNCLE'S MANSION.

"It's immense," was the terse, but honest rejoinder of the newcomer, who seemed nearly stunned with happiness.

"Yo' must see th' fahm. It's late, but after meal we'll take a stroll, and see what yo' think o' everything combined."

"Oh, I'm so taken up with the place, my mind is past criticism already. If the farm is but a passable background to this romantic, picturesque scene, I'll vote it a most beautiful spot." This burst of enthusiasm was really out of bounds, out of proportion, and nearly out of sense. Though the homestead was one calculated to please the eye of the most prosaic person for its ruins, and its crudities only enhanced its picturesque value, but only to the poetic and romantic mind could be esteemed a "most beautiful spot," if then. Chet was not so poetic or romantic in nature, but the fact that after knocking all over by himself, virtually, as his aunt was a wayfarer, he had not seen for years, not even after her death, as she died in Italy, and at last he found his own flesh and blood full of sympathy for him, caused him, as it has millions before, to believe the home-trifles gems of arts. The ugliest negro was an Apollo, the homeliest negress a Venus de Milo, but, fortunately, they did not know of the enlarged appreciation the "young massah" had for them all; still more fortunately, the delusion was but temporary.

Up to the house tripped the girls merrily, with short, girlish laughs, the Judge and Mrs. Huston leaning on the arm of attentive Chet, slowly following them.

The girls had been long sitting on the piazza by the time the "rest of the folks" had arrived.

"Yo're not snails, are yo'?" inquired Miss Katherine, pertly.

"No, my red-pated Miss," came from her "paw" for her pertness.

"I'm glad to know it, Judge Red Carrots," spat back Miss Katherine with fire.

"Kathie!" came reproachfully from the mother.

"Well, he's mean, he is!" grievously spoke "Miss Reddy," as a part explanation of her rudeness "in company."

The Judge laughed, and Chet, appreciating the humor of this paternal and filial cross-fire, echoed it, mentally recording the point that he must ever be careful not to cross Miss Katherine's exuberant spirits, or he would wake the less enjoyable fiery ones she was mistress of. But his records later must have got mixed, for he broke his mental resolve, or caution, opened his mouth at inopportune moments, and this same "Miss Reddy" put his foot in it for him; worst of all, these practical belligerent lessons were to prove as useless as this and future neutral ones.

"Come on into the house young man," called out the Judge, as he puffily climbed the piazza steps, at the same time trying to laugh the matter off.

"All right," rang back the tones of Chet, as he escorted his aunt along. "We are coming."

The girls grabbed the Judge at the armpits, and hustled him up the two remaining steps, over the piazza, and headlong into the hall of the house. Chet and Mrs. Huston remaining in the rear. Through the hall they went, into the parlor, Chet seating Mrs. Huston in her cushioned chair (he knew it at sight, so much like his other aunt's, he said). The girls found chairs, and Chet seated himself on a staunch antique sofa, the Judge, coming unctiously forward, mopping his perspiring forehead with a large bandana, suddenly snatched Chet's straw hat with his free hand, and comically trotted with it out into the hall, giving it to the colored servant there. All laughed at the Judge's antics, and Chet's surprise at the "lightening snatch, paw made," as Miss Katherine whispered audibly to Miss Emily, the "Silent," as Chet began to think to himself; indeed, if she had not spoken in acknowledgement of her introduction to him at the station, and had not been the recipient of so many whispers from the spirited Miss Katherine, he would have adjudged her deaf and dumb 'ere now; her laughs were but "titters," compared with Miss Katherine's, and her voice very low.

Said the Judge, with a long drawn sigh of exertion, "We're heah in full, an' in plenty. Eh?" And then he threw himself on the catacornered lounge, with a whalish spout, and drew a rhinocerous breath when he landed on it.

"Don't yo' break th' lounge, Judge Elephant," teasingly said "Miss Reddy," the bold.

"All right Miss," good-naturedly rejoined the Judge, utterly indisposed to quibble.

Chet now began to survey the room curiously, the girls and Mrs. Huston watching his face to note how it impressed him.

Facing him was a life-size painting of his grandfather, whose namesake he was. The painting portrayed an elderly man of nearly six feet in height, shoulders slightly bent, with a smiling face, but it would take no connoisseur of art to decide it was forced, the careworn lines of the face denoting unobliterable worry.

After scanning the face, he had never seen before, intently, seriously and critically (he had been told as soon as his gaze reached it, that it was his mother's father's picture, taken three years before his grandsire's death), he lifted his eyes with a slight scarcely apparent sigh,

and slowly re-riveted on a much smaller picture beside it, it was his mother's. He started slightly as he realized this (for though the face was younger, it was the one he loved and honored so well when he came to know it in later years). He had looked for some minutes on the noble face of his grandfather, but the maternal face held him spellbound with blended admiration and veneration. The first was noble, but full of woe in appearance, the other was beautiful and the look full of maiden virginity; one he had never heard, and felt nothing but the indirect harshness of an ever irate being, who had cast off one of his most precious possessions to satisfy his pride of ancestry, and to demonstrate to all fools of ancestry that he had a firm, unalterable will; the other was a reproduction of the features that had ever been full of sympathy in his mishaps, and joy in his success, it artistically pictured the sweet, loving lips that had imprinted a thousand of loving and inspiriting kisses on the child, now gazing upon her prototype. The thoughts rushed through his tired brain, one after the other, and at last he turned his eyes to the left of the life-size painting of his grandfather; there a fair-sized portrait met his vision, which he recognized, after thinking and straining his eyesight.

"That is Aunt Lympy's picture, isn't it?" he asked, confidently.

"Yes," replied Miss Katherine, her mother more quietly replying in the affirmative at the same time.

Standing up, Chet crossed obliquely across the oblong room to a darkly painted set of four pictures in gold gilt frames. The girls sprang from their seats and followed after him, tittering as they did so. Chet immediately knew these. The first to the left was that of the Judge, the second Miss Katherine, the third Miss Emily, the fourth Mrs. Huston. They had been recently painted and all of the plantation took great pride in them, and, of course, Chet was loud in his approbation, although the general execution of the paintings were very mediocre. But love is blind in all its phases. The resemblance was strongly maintained, and Chet was in a mood to have acceded the palm to the most wretched artist, therefore, the artist was a genius, and he was but another favorable juror to the common verdict.

Chet was now shown the bric-a-brac, loose pictures and other ornaments of the room, all of which had a little biography, which the girls knew by heart, and they started to give Chet a full account of all their adventures, etc., but in the midst of their mingled, chattered recitals, the din was broken by a terrible sneeze from the sleeping Judge Huston, who nearly pitched forward head foremost between the legs of his nephew. Chet caught him dexterously, and skillfully held him as the twin sneeze belched forth with equal velocity, never-

theless the Judge's feet made an involuntary impact against the wall, that shook the house. The Judge rose up with the able assistance of his nephew, amid the ejaculations, remonstrances and joking of the girls, who first exclaimed, "Oh, my!" then, "Don't knock the house down," and as he sleepily arose rubbing his eyes, called out (or, rather, shocking Miss Katherine did), "Careful, Judge Fatty, careful."

If there was anything the Judge detested, it was a super-abundance of fat, and this tantalizing miss struck home with a vengeance.

"I would like you to know, Miss, that I only weigh two hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and I weighed last Wednesday," said the Judge, quite hurt. "Am I fat, Chet?" he asked that surprised individual, who dutifully replied with quickness and sincerity:

"Not at all, sir. Uncle Jabez would have trebled your weight, I am sure." This was stretching figures, which never lie, immensely, but it was said with both veracious, polite and pacifying intentions.

"Now," said the Judge, with defiant and satisfied feelings, also, pleased that he had obtained a full-hearted adherent in his domestic contentions.

"Oh, Chet only says that," pouted Miss Katherine, displeased that Chet should so unwarrantably have proved an antagonistic supporter. This boded ill for Chet, too.

"I know Chet only says that, but remember, Miss, Chet is a man of his word, he is a Huston," broadsided back the Judge, for once effectually silencing the batteries of the little agnostic.

"Dinnah," quietly announced the usual household Dinah, who had entered silently, as all colored servants of well regulated plantations are taught from childhood to do.

"Ah, ha," was the sole ejaculated reply of the Judge, who smacked his lips and made a hungry face, which evoked a laugh from all.

Dinner, well it was a dinner—a true Southern planter's dinner. Not ostentatious or fancy, but plain, yet excellent in quality and bountiful in quantity. Chicken "yep," sweet potatoes, "yes, sah," "corn," "Well, I reckon, honey." I allow there was, and everything else any rational person could desire, or indeed, enjoy.

After supper, digestion, of course. But what digestion! We all enjoy choice eating, and if we obey hygiene, will soon experience the supreme bliss of digestion. The stomach slave cannot enjoy the peace, and the refreshment of it, neither does the worried or hurried man who rushes into anxiety or all-absorbing labor, but the healthy man, who can afford the short or long rest after his repast is repaid amply for his sacrifice of time, not sacrifice or loss—he wins it back in the boon of health.

Out on the piazza sat the quintette, breathing in with prolonged inspiration the cooled, fragrant and balmy air, which flushed the cheeks of all.

The Judge suddenly (he generally did things suddenly) patted his head with his hand and then rushed into the house for "seegars." He got them and brought them out, a box of them. First of all, he offered them to Chet, who declined them gracefully, much to the astonishment of his uncle.

"Don't smoke! Well, well!" ruefully spoke the Judge, disconsolately gazing upon his box of the "finest Cubans." "Yo' aren't puttin' this on for th' occasion, or aren't afraid the ladies will object are yo'?" asked the Judge, puzzledly.

"Oh, no," replied the nephew.

"Humph!" ejaculated the Judge, who considered this refusal rather milk-soppy, but his impressed belief in his nephew's manliness, deterred him from thinking Chet namby-pamby.

"Well, some one's got to smoke," affirmed the Judge, poking the cigars under Miss Katherine's nose, which facial member she hastily withdrew from the odious weed, putting her perfumed lace handkerchief to her nose to overcome the smell.

"It would be a good dinner spoilt, if it was without an after-smoking," cheerily remarked the Judge, as he laid the box of cigars near at hand, and lighted the one he had selected preparatory to smoking.

"It's a good dinner spoilt to have an old nuisance like you puffing smoke like a locomotive around here," came the half-expected word explosion from Miss Katherine.

"I've heard that before from yo', Miss Kathie," declared the Judge with vigor.

"Yep," was the solitary nonchalant remark from the daughter. The Judge did start in "puffing," having learned the art with thoroughness, the clouds that he emitted from his mouth and nasal promontory seemed perfectly under his control, and he sent them where he would to all places within a short radius from him.

The "folks" chatted away for a long length of time, about Chet, of course, with their own doings and surroundings an occasional topic.

Their main theme of conversation was Europe, all had read, and Chet had heard considerable about it, but from travel only Chet knew a little, for London, Liverpool, Southampton, Sheffield, and a few minor places he had visited, and but for that, his practical knowledge of Old Albion was cramped. Yet he knew London well, for though an American boy, and only a few years in the metropolis, he had become quite a Londoner, though he had by no means completely assim-

ilated with English ideas. It is much easier for an Englishman to become an American than for an American an Englishman, but the true type of either nation is inalienable.

Chet promised the girls a fund of European trinkets, which he had in his packed "luggage." The Judge was promised his share, as was Mrs. Huston, for he had quite a collection of foreign curios from England, Germany, France, Italy, nearly everywhere, mostly perquisites he had received through his tourist aunt, the unfortunate health-seeker.

By the time the favorite domestic, Dinah, had brought the refreshments, it was quite dark, rather chilly, and the ladies sought wraps, while the Judge fastened up his magnificent smoking gown, Chet also donning a light, but breeze-protecting coat.

Their chatting continued on till late, when finally Mrs. Huston agreeably proposed retiring for the night, but the Judge, though acceding, suggested that he would desire a few words with Chet, hinting also that privacy was equally wished for, his wishes were complied with, the ladies bidding them good-night.

After they had gone, the Judge seriously took a few whiffs of his nearly exhaused fourteenth (?) cigar, then started his "confab" with the expectant Chet.

"Chet, my boy, what are you going to do here?" directly propounded the Judge.

There was a pause, and Chet answered with marked deliberation:

"Well, Uncle, my father was a journalist, so was my uncle, and so I expect I will try, with your consent, to become one. With this end in view, I have been studying, have learnt shorthand, with practical efforts, as well as the routine school course of it, and the other essential adjuncts of journalism. Though I have much to learn, I feel prepared, and I know I am ready to try to rise in the profession."

"Oh, ho! A man of the press, eh? Well, as yo've worked with that end in view, I don't believe yo'll have to start in as a devil's printer, but yo'll have to fight at it."

"Yes," concurred Chet.

"Now," continued the Judge, between whiffs of his cigar, "Yo' have written to me all along that yo' hankered after journalism, yo'r course of studies, yo' mailed me, made me cognizant of the fact, yo' were pursuin' the needed branches of the life, an' so I took it for granted yo' were in for it, but it never occurred to me before that I hadn't asked yo' right up an' down what yo' were after, so I decided to, to-night. It might 'a been the eleventh hour, if yo' had said yo' wanted to be somethin' else, but as I wasn't mistaken yo'r boat is all

right. The fact is"—with an extra long interpolated whiff—"I have been down to one of our town newspaper offices to see how I could place yo', it never occurred to me how foolish it was not to know squarely if you were stuck on what yo' were studyin' for." Another pause. "Anyway, I went down to the office of the Daily Expounder, the editor of which I know better than that of the other, and had a long talk with him. He said that at a moderate salary he would be willing to employ a bright young fellow, prepared for his work, an' intimated, as I already knew, that one of his staff cared too much for John Barleycorn, an' that he would like to fill his place. I din't go over to th' Outcry office, as I thought I'd let things develop before tryin' it. We won't bother about newspaperism for a couple of days, anyhow, so put yo'r mind to rest," unconcernedly and languidly declared the Judge.

Chet was not in favor of this, but he held his peace in deference to his uncle, mentally deciding to hurry him up, and, at any rate, not let the put off couple of days lapse into a week or more, though it wasn't in accordance with precedent for a new arrival at the Huston plantation to plunge immediately into work, but Chet saw the opening chance, and was eager to grasp the opportunity.

The Judge smoked away at a merry pace, and not for some time did he think of his nephew sitting silently beside him.

"My boy, I reckon you are sleepy, eh?"

"Rather," replied Chet with a stifled yawn.

"Then to bed, sir," commanded the Judge, in a mock-authoritative tone, "the bed is yawning for you, and you seem yawning for the bed."

"All right, Uncle," responded Chet, with forced liveliness, jumping up with sleepy spryness, "I'm off."

"Hol, on," cried the Judge. "Bard! Bard! I say!" called the Judge.

"He's comin' sah," same Dinah's voice from within the house, and a moment later her voice rang out to prod on the wanted Bard, if he should be lagging in his speed.

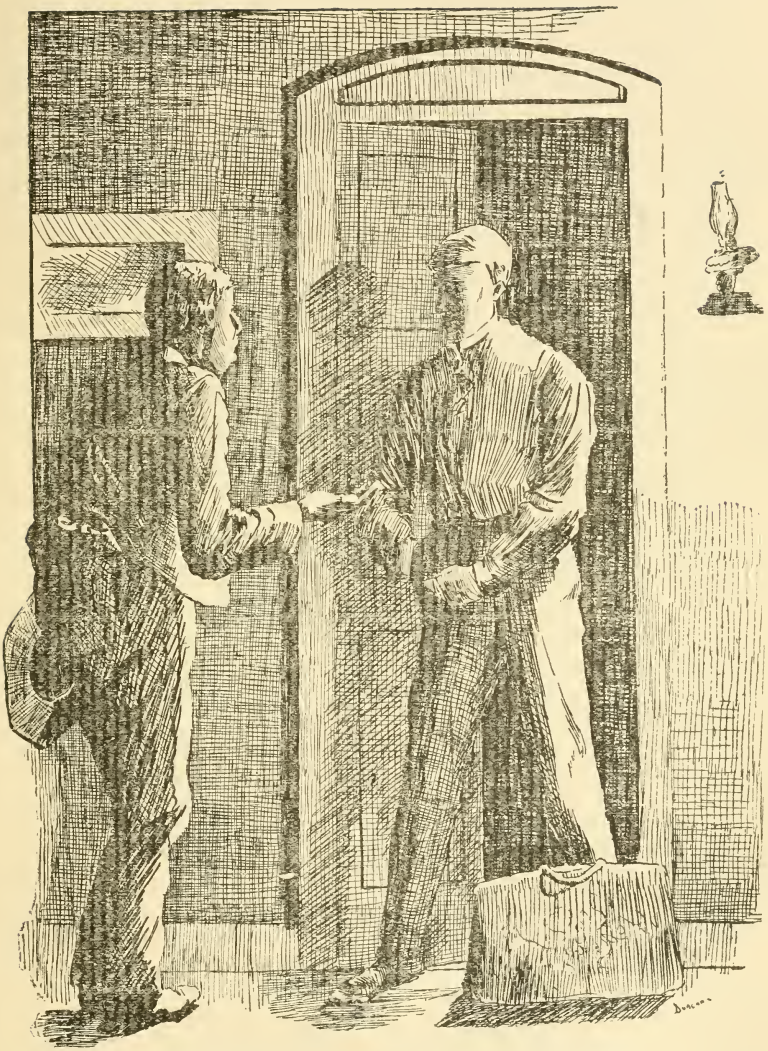
The sound of rapid and heavy footsteps was detectable, gradually growing more pronounced as they neared their destination. A minute more a dark, lanky form loomed up in the hallway. It was Bard.

"Well, Massah?" inquired the negro, in a low, respectful voice.

"Tote the gen'leman's, Marse Chet's valises up to his room, right away," kindly, but firmly commanded the Judge.

"Yes, sah," came the usual respectful reply.

"Good night, Chet," said the Judge, heartily grasping his nephew's hand.



"CHET SLIPPED HIS HAND INTO HIS TROUSERS POCKET."

"Good-night, Uncle," came the reply, and a start for his new quarters was made, Bard leading the way, at a quick gait.

"Dis be yo' room, sah," said the negro, as he reached the door of the domicile and turned its knob, opening the entrance to a wide, airy room, nicely decorated.

Chet gazed around a moment, nodded his head in pleased approval, slipped his hand in his trousers pocket, drew out a coin and tossed it to the negro, whose face lighted up with joy as a natural consequent. He then lighted the lights.

"Are yo' done wid me, sah?" asked Bard as quickly and silently pocketing the coin as Chet had drawn it forth from his.

"Yes, thanks," replied Chet.

The negro quickly turned, disappeared through the shadowed doorway, into the hall again. A minute later Chet heard the Judge give him orders for the morrow, and at once came the quiet of the night.

The room was satisfactory in every respect, and his traps were in it ready at hand. So Chet was soon bestowed in bed sound asleep.

CHAPTER III.

"AT THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY EXPOUNDER."

Morning dawned as all mornings have to do, and Chet was yet in the arms of Morpheus. It was late in the morning before the young gentleman was up and in fettle for the day. His sleep had been long and refreshing, and he was now ready for the day's events.

Downstairs he found all up and about, except the Judge, who, by-the-by, he did not expect to find, for, as he descended the stairs, he could hear with grating distinctness, the snore of his relative.

Breakfast was nearly ready, when Chet reached the piazza, and after chatting with his cousin and Miss Emily, they marched into the dining room.

The early morning, Chet spent by himself, reading the Zodgeton papers, the Daily Expounder and the Citizen's Outcry. He had even the curiosity to read carefully all the advertisements, and to call for a tape measure and measure the sheets.

Miss Katherine had informed him that a bitter rivalry existed between the two papers. So bitter, that if a body subscribed to one and not the other also, he was open to all sorts of attacks as a most formidable enemy, so the Judge had taken both papers. The editorials of the two papers before Chet, fully bore out this statement, and the columns all through were full of blatant agitation against personal and sectional foes.

Chet did not relish the thought of becoming embroiled in this mucky wordy feud, but he decided to let destiny work out its way for the present, a Southern principle to the core, showing the maternal blood coursed through his veins omnipotently withal.

The Judge settled Chet's forenoon solitude, by coming, fresh from the breakfast table, where he had been damaging food generally.

"Come on now, an' look over th' fahm," emphatically commanded the Judge, grabbing Chet's arm and pulling him out of his chair by a spontaneous burst of effort and Chet's co-operative movement in rising.

Off they went together, and overhauled the "fahm" thoroughly, while the Judge was a walking cyclopedia, chock full of "fahm" talk,

sending forth, like a wound up phonograph, the current news of the crops.

This "doing the farm," as Chet phrased it, a la Anglaise, occupied not only all the rest of the morning and the noon hour, but kept them out until some time after one o'clock, thus again Aunt Chly's dinner came in for another disastrous charge.

I might mention the fact that Chet had memorized the names of nearly all the plantation negroes, and could recognize many of them

OFF THEY WENT TOGETHER AND OVERHAULED THE "FAHM."

at sight. A fact which was equally pleasing to the "niggers" as to himself.

It is needless to record the visits, rambles and varied events of the following "couple of days," lengthened by Chet's obstinacy to remain indolent, to only three. On the fifth day since his arrival, Chet and the Judge decided to pay a visit to the Expounder office to arrange matters.

Well groomed and full of ardor the pair started out, the Judge feeling quite boyish as he remarked, "Chet, I'm a youngster pro tem, I allow."

The "Expounder Building" (how the tongue of the Zodgetonian dwelt on all such official and mighty names) was a rickety brick building, two stories in height, its numerous and mostly broken windows were plastered up with boards, card and wooden—with numerous torn fragments of many colored posters pasted upon them, making an amazing aggregation of bills.

The only window that boasted a complete set of panes was one to the right of the one-tenth painted arched doorway, on the surface of its panes shone forth the loudly colored sign:

OFFICE OF
THE DAILY EXPOUNDER.

Judge Huston led the way, brushing past the much vandal-carved and half open door, through the dirty little hallway to the totally unpainted door that led into the sanctum sanctorum of that magnate, the editor. The door was unceremoniously flung open and in the two went. The editor, a middle-sized man of good proportions, guarded by a fierce mustache, looked up hurriedly, and Chet thought unnecessarily apprehensively at them. Chet was unacquainted with the by-laws of Southern newspaperism, for he was but a rollicking boy, when with his father and uncle.

"Ah, the Judge," said the editor, whose contour of face changed to one of unctiousness and pleasure. "Happy to see yo' Judge," he further remarked, rising majestically, inclining his frame, and extending his hand to the Judge, who briefly smiled and hurriedly gave it a deciduous shake.

"Sit down," said the editor, courteously and pleasantly, pointing to two dilapidated chairs, devoid of backing, nearly rungless, and whose seats were half through. The Judge and Chet took the indicated "seats of honor."

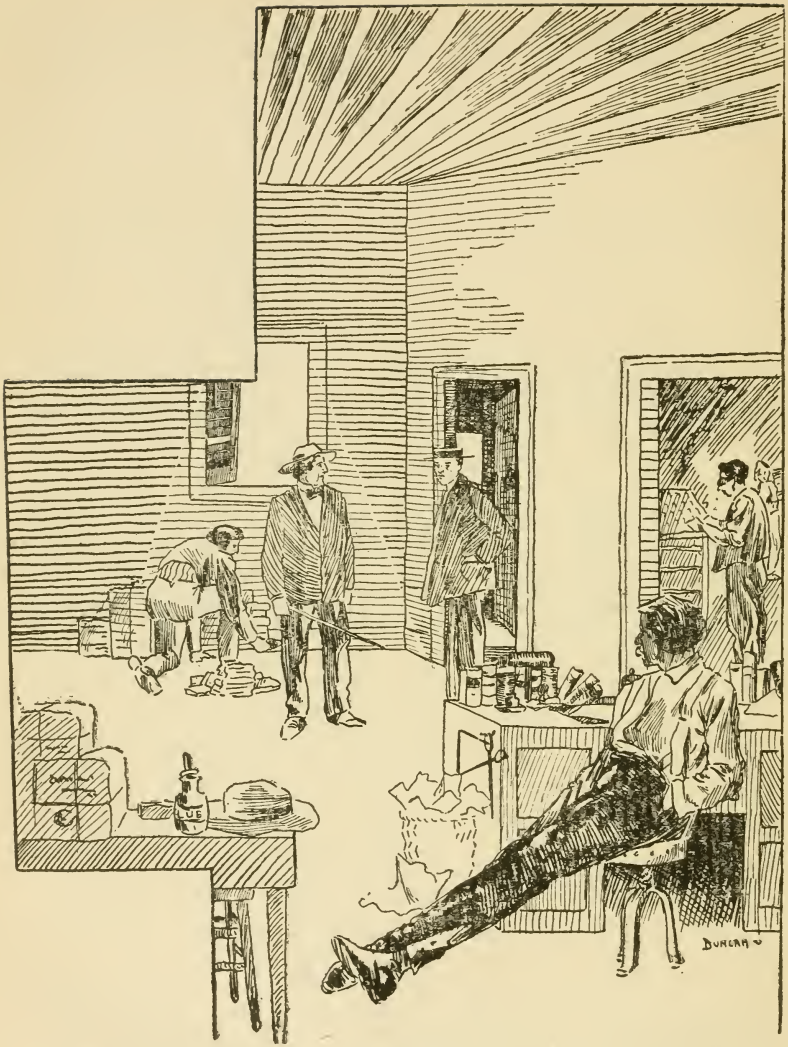
"How's the folks," came the usual, matter of course, phrase opener, from the editor.

"Very well, indeed; how's yourn." Without waiting for a reply, the Judge banged his gold headed walnut cane on the dusty paper-bestrewed floor and jumped from his chair, excitedly.

"Excuse me," he exclaimed, apologetically, both to the editor and Chet, "This young gentleman, Bosbyell, is my nephew, from England. Chester Huston Wunnal. Chet, this is my old-time friend, Mr. Headway Bosbyell, editor of the Zodgeton Daily Expounder," introduced the Judge, flaunting in all of the title heralded on the title page of the journal.

"Extremely glad to meet yo'," acknowledged Mr. Bosbyell, with a formal shake of the hand. Chet, making the customary reply, and, acting on the cue, all re-seated themselves, the editor, in so doing, slightly jarring his office chair, producing a squeak similar to that of a fat mouse caught in a trap.

"Ah! hem! Ah! hem!" came from the editor, echoed by the Judge, and re-echoed by the editor himself, again.



"CHET" IS INTRODUCED BY HIS UNCLE TO BOSBYELL, EDITOR OF THE DAILY EXPOUNDER.

"Well, how's things?" inquired Judge Huston, starting in to reel off some of the unnecessary verbosity of the preliminary talk.

"Fairly," replied the editor. "How's yourn?"

"All right," came back the foreknown answer. Then the Judge bumped his chin with the head of his cane, thrice in succession, during a short meditation, the editor thrusting his hands into his capacious trousers pockets, and pushing his legs out before him, at the same time allowing an elongated whistle to escape him; he eyed Chet a second, then pulled his hands out of his pockets and gave the desk by his side a most resounding thump, that made all the bound and loose papers tremble alike, as if frightened by the idle, unthoughtful mood of their master. Some loose ones on the top of the varnish-needing desk, floated off on the air as a result of Bosbyell's thump, but he caught them all "on the fly," with exception of two which Chet sprung forward and captured.

This resonant thump put the Judge on a "business basis," and without more ado, or parleying, he commenced on the subject and object of his errand.

"Er-r-r-r," reverberated the long drawn r's of preparatory thought. "I reckon yo' know th' express object o' my mission heah, yo' know we talked over th' matter some bit ago."

"Ye-r-r-r," drawled out the competitive drawl, "I recollect our talk."

"Do yo' still reckon yo' can place th' boy?" asked the Judge, quietly, with restrained anxiousness for a direct reply.

"P'raps," was the most unsatisfactory answer delivered in the most dubious tone.

"No, but fo' sure," tenaciously questioned the Judge, holding out for a positive reply.

"Well, Judge, we're th' best o' friends, and I believe yo' word unimpeachable; if yo' say yo' know that yo'r nephew understands th' work in its rudiments, an' has th' ability, tact an' elementary knowledge for the work, I'll make him a reporter on our staff at a reasonable salary in no time, if he be agreeable, an' yo', too."

"Done," ejaculated the Judge, smacking his knee soundly with his left hand, and allowing his cane to slip with a thud from its resting place on his leg to the floor. "Chet Wunnal is fit and most capable, on my word," said Judge Huston, when in truth he did not know beyond his nephew's word and his commendable school reports and graduation certificate (by no means undeniable proof, for actual knowledge of one's capabilities is the only sure attestor to one's worth), but the Judge had, in his brief connection with his nephew, become to believe implicitly in him, something his bump of caution rarely allowed him to do.

"That clinches the whole affair, then," solemnly affirmed Bosbyell. Chet was dumbfounded by his uncle's confidence in him after their short acquaintance.

The ensuing conversation was an animated friendly one, in which it was decided, both parties, the Judge and Bosbyell, for Chet entrusted his prospects to the hands of his wise uncle, agreeing on a suitable salary for Chet to enter upon his duties and responsibilities as a reporter on the Expounder.

"Well," said the editor, stretching his arms, "I expect I'd better show yo' about the buildin'. It'll interest yo' when yo' start in anyhow." Acting on his own suggestion, by closing and locking the only open drawer, and slightly wheeling himself in his dismally squeaky chair, to be free of the desk in arising, he started for the hall, followed by the Judge and Chet.

Back past the narrow ill-kept stairway they went, reaching a door that hung disconsolately on one hinge, and which was manifestly more wretched appearing than anything they had yet seen about the place, but only Chet noticed these trifles(?).

Bosbyell slapped the door open with a most weak physical effort (if it had been stronger, Chet doubted not that the said door would have gone to pieces).

This long, ill-lighted and murky room, occasioned by the shutting out of the sun, was most uninteresting, but Chet paid strict attention to every word that the ready tongue of Bosbyell articulated. The editor went into explanations of different things around the "composing room," as much for the edification of Judge Huston, who, prior to this had never had the misfortune to visit it, as for the benefit of Chet. The Judge cut Bosbyell short and asked him if it was necessary for the reporter to assist like a jack-of-all-trades in the place, to which case Bosbyell replied positively in the negative, much to the satisfaction of the Judge, who was disgusted with the ill-kempt, tobacco-chewing individuals who were lazily hunting and setting type before him.

Bosbyell now proposed a trip upstairs, so upstairs they went, on a flight of stairs that were slimy with dirt and tobacco juice, protected by a wrecked balustrade, but they reached the top after exercising great caution and emulating their nimble and sure-footed guide.

The second floor was a degree better than that below, though the windows, outstripped those below in respect to stuffing and patching, and the printers vied with the compositors in laziness and filthiness, but the pungent odor of tobacco juice was not to be smelt, and the nostrils appreciated the lack of the malodorous element. This

want of disagreeableness was not because the printers were not chewers, like the compositors, but because tobacco in any form was prohibited on account of the abundance and close proximity of paper, and as Bosbyell was a strict, stern man, he enforced the rule on the largely printed and prominently displayed sign, "Tobacco in no form to be used," and no one dared to ignore it in his absence, either.

The press, a typical country newspaper mechanism, was slowly at work doing the equally lazy bidding of its workers. Chet was presented with one of the half-printed papers, and comments were made by the trio. Chet mostly answering poignant interrogations of the keen editor. The cross-examination pleased Bosbyell beyond measure, as he gave him a chance to evince his knowledge of journalism, in its numerous branches, to both Judge Huston and his nephew, the prospective reporter.

After wandering about the room, that took up the entire floor, and criticising the methods in vogue, and the bulky contents of the place, mostly paper bales, they ended their criticisms which lauded the place (the editor criticised and consequently lauded, also), and started for the stairway. On the ground floor, again, they bid the editor good-bye at his office door, and stepped out into the sidewalk again.

"What do yo' think of the Expounder, Chet?" superciliously inquired the Judge.

"The editor seems a good friend of yours, and a good sort of a man, but the surroundings, or, rather, the interior of that place defy description. Thank goodness, my work will be out of it more than in it, and you can wager that I'll try to fix that office up if I'm connected there."

"Yo're right, Chet, Bosbyell is a fine fellow, but his place needs renovating badly, but yo' must remember he is not married nor has any home family life, to bring him into routine of orderliness. He'll follow yo'r methods if yo' but favorably impress him with them, but I reckon yo'll find him as obstinate as a mule, if yo' don't handle him right. Let him see yo'r reason, and, if it's substantial, he'll either follow it with yo' or let yo' manage it yo'r own way alone."

"I'll try to win him over to radical changes, if it's in my power, you kn——," and here Chet broke with an effort this phrase that at the wish of his uncle he was trying to discard.

"The most remarkable fact appears to me that he has no uncleanliness to mar his personality, but yet is content to labor amid that actual and unnecessary squalor," continued Chet.

"Yes. Well, you should understand that he is assisted, after a fashion, by those dirty, lazy scamps, that we saw lolling at work

there, and he, because he has no family to keep him above, has descended to their level in what a New England Yankee would call shiftlessness. And it more than dirtiness on his part has caused that accumulation you just saw."

"I guess you're right, Uncle, and I'll try all the harder to convert him to some cleanly radicalism," vouchsafed the nephew, and both joined in, laughing as they continued up the street, into the little "heart" of Zodgeton.

CHAPTER IV.

"CHET'S IMPRESSION OF ZODGETON."

Up the broad and main thoroughfare they walked at a goodly pace. The lounging "white trash" of the town, bestirring themselves from their reclining and collapsed appearing positions, on barrels, boxes, etc., to incline their heads and semi-ejaculate in a mournful greeting to the Judge: "Howdy, Judge," to which they sometimes received a stiff and haughty bend of the Judge's austere head (he never was thus except in the presence of these disdained inferiors; the negroes he treated incalculably better).

The Judge's gorge always rose at the sight of these disgraceful Zodgetonians, whose only labor of love was the munching, "chawin'," and liquidating of tobacco.

As they hurried along, they passed the "Outcry Building," as the blurred and nearly illegible green letters on the side of the soiled white wooden building informed the passer-by. This paper was the hated competitor of the Expounder, for the control of the news-reading population of Zodgeton. The building, like the Expounder's, was two-storied, but somewhat larger. Chet also noted in his quick glance at it, that the windows were more whole, and less boarded up, but Chet decided that it distanced but little the Expounder in respectability from its outward appearance.

"Why didn't you try this place and see how you could settle me here, Uncle?" asked Chet.

"P'raps it would have been judicious to have sounded this place, but I don't care much for the editor o' the concern. We aren't enemies," remarked the Judge, as they were leaving the edifice in the distance, "but he treated a friend o' mine roughly. I like Bosbyell, an' know if I had anything to do with Brown, the other editor, our friendliness would be knocked asunder, so I didn't bother with him," declared the Judge.

"But won't you excite the anger of this Brown, putting me on the opposition paper?" questioned Chet.

"Probably, but he can't hurt my interests. I can look out for my-

self. I never create an enemy if there is a possibility of avoiding it, but when I have an honest end to gain, I'm not minus the grit to put my foot forward, my boy," determinedly spoke the Judge. "My political positions must come to me before I will accept them, and it is therein the strength of the two newspapers is centered. I never have and never will rack my brains with politics," concluded the Judge, "and so am above their power."

By this stage of their walk they had reached the Court House Square, and Chet, had only the hurried glance at the town as he was driven by in the carriage on the day of his arrival.

Before them was the typical country town square, in the center of which stood the red brick Court House, and we are proudly told by the native Zodgetonians, "it cost e-i-g-h-t thousand, f-i-v-e hundred." Just think of it! If the town lounger does not see any visible surprise depicted in your face he will probably "drap" with the same astonishment he expected to note in you.

The jail of the place, variously designated in the local vernacular, is a plain, wooden structure, that does not evoke the admiration of the loungers. Though the "white trash" are not partial to this small building, situated at the east end of the square, yet the law-abiding citizens support it strenuously as elsewhere, their admiration for the plucky sawed-off sheriff, Boland Samuels, is unbounded. He is a muscular thickset man of small stature and medium age, his assistant, "Bob" Runkel, is a lanky six-foot-sixer, also exceptionally muscular and plucky.

They constitute the usual town police force and maintain the peace with an iron hand, though they often have a tussle for it. The "white trash" give them the least trouble, for, as the sheriff puts it, "they're all holler and talk, all that kind air cowards for sure." It's the blooded people in their feuds and quarrels that keep the "police" of Zodgeton on the go. For the "white trash" the jail is but a bugaboo, and the sheriff and his deputy are accordingly accorded the greatest respect by their "chews," "drinks," etc., thrown in when they can afford, so as to "keep on th' fair side o' th' sheriffs." But these officials take this homage and attention as if it were owed them and the donors of the favors are not one iota better off, so far as protection from arrest is concerned, but they can brag that they've "fixed the sheriff" to their credulous friends, who speedily become skeptics on the matter of "fixin'," if they ever have occasion to see the future futile efforts of the blower to escape justice by dodging the law, but his bragging continues unabated, even when he has had a long acquaintance with the interior of the jail. These trials only serve to increase his desire to brag of an influence he does not possess.

Judge Huston had, in substance, given all this information to Chet as they neared the jail, and as they reached the door of that building they found the sheriff seated in the doorway, they stopped, and the Judge introduced his nephew, who nearly had his bones crunched by the grip the sheriff gave his proffered hand.

After a brief local conversation and another introduction to the

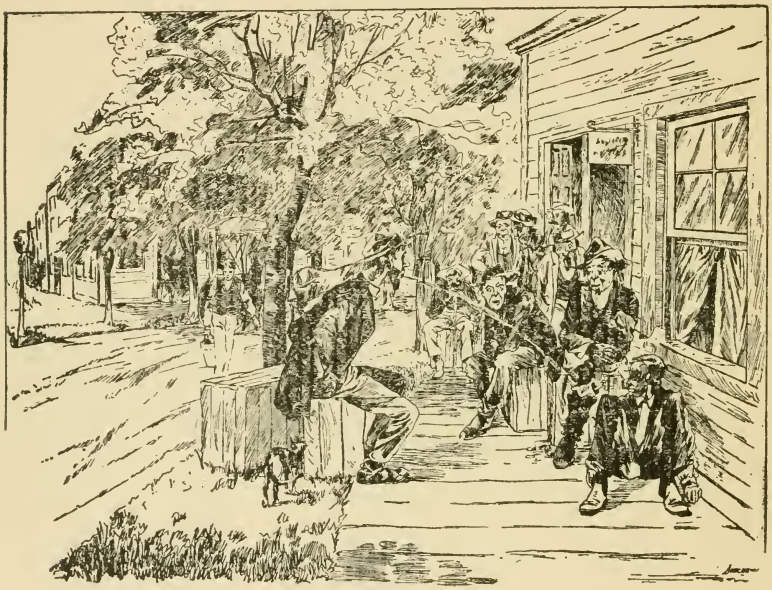
CHET'S UNCLE INTRODUCES HIM TO THE SHERIFF.

sheriff's deputy, "Bob" Rundel, who was in the rear of the jail, they started out on their jaunt again.

Passing the Court House, the Judge met an old friend, Major Zachary. While talking with him, out of the Court House marched with a soldierly bearing, a gentleman, who joined the group, and was introduced to Chet, who had spied him as he made his exit from the

building, as "Captain Ogdane, my boyhood chum." Chet cordially shook hands with him, and then remained a quiet spectator and hearer in the animated conversation that followed. When the conversation had been under way some time an addition was made to the group in the person of a Squire Peabody, who reanimated the chat. At last "a social glass" was proposed, and all started for a resort designated briefly "Quinn's."

At "Quinn's," which proved to be an ordinary country hotel with a bar, Colonel Sallwell was met, and Chet introduced.



THE PRIZE SPITTER.

Chet contented himself with what he considered an unnecessary glass of "sodah," but the rest of the party took something wahmer." The conviviality of the gentlemen was pronounced, and Chet, considering his presence unnecessary, stepped to the door and took a look up and down the street.

Outside were three or four dry goods boxes, and, as it is necessary for flies in summer to get on butter, so were the tops of the large wooden boxes hidden by the forms of the indigenous lounging "white trash."

They were drawling out their miserable, mumbled and nearly unrecognizable English, one fellow sleepily listening to the principal spokesman, who gained ascendency over the other drawls, was spitting viciously and alternately at a hole in an opposite box and the top of a friend's boot. He was evidently an "expert," because he hit his mark without a miss. This tobacco-expectorating William Tell occupied the sleepy attention of the batch, equally with the orator of the crowd. He seemed to have free and easy access to all the weeds in the possession of his comrades, who seemed not at all loth to supply him with "chaws from thir precious plug," so long as he amused them with his accuracy in spurting his little reservoir of tobacco juice on the passing and inanimate objects in reach, their own clothes being favorite and much enjoyed targets for his eagle-eyed precision in expectorating.

This sight nearly gave Chet indigestion, and he turned on his heel and sauntered back into the hotel, just as the "white trash speaker" began to "cuss" some individual he roundly abused as "Lem." Fortunately, the phonograph has never been called upon to reproduce such a vocabulary of blasphemy, and for the good of humanity, I hope it never will.

Reaching the Judge and his friends, he noted that from a rear door a number of "trash" had come in and had sprawlingly seated themselves on the bar-room table and chairs, hungrily and wistfully looking at the "prime old whiskey" disappearing down the throats of the Judge and his friends, the nabobs of the town.

The talk of the party had tumbled on that pyrotechnic subject, politics, not national, but most aggravating local politics. Chet had returned to catch the tail end of the wordy tornado of these fast friends (?) who now threatened to split their relationship because of their partisan views, but the Judge shone out resplendently as the only individual of the party who seemed to be out of the fracas of tongues. Chet's ear caught the words of Squire Peabody, who, in a voice of thunder, declared above all the others: "Graham won't be Mayor of this town if my influence can prevent it."

"Your influence can't prevent it, Squire," confidently said Major Zachary, in a vociferous warmed-up voice.

"No, Graham is the man," chipped in a seconding voice, Captain Ogdane's. The landlord, Mr. Quinne, had mingled with his guests during Chet's absence at the doorway. He shook his head slightly at this declaration, showing his sympathy was with the Squire.

"Never," soundly denied the Squire, "Yo'r faction will never carry him over. Will they Judge?" inquired he of the erstwhile silent Judge.

"I don't surmise in the matter at all," quietly and good-naturedly was the answer, "I'll let yo' do the nomination an' then yo' know my vote's fo' th' successful man, that goes up on our unanimous Democratic ticket for election," replied the Judge in a decisive tone, addressing them all jocularly, but resolutely in accordance with his policy of washing his hands of politics.

There was a dissatisfied "humph!" from the Squire, who said something under his breath about it being a nice thing for a lawyer to be out of every man's politics, but the Judge missed the low spoken word, and made no reply in consequence. The look of the "Grahamites" was that of unconcern, in contrast to the Squire's crestfallen expression (although he had expected the blunt uncompromising answer of the Judge).

The Major and Captain Ogdane had expected the usual neutral answer of the Judge, whose potent influence, they precursed, would be cast neither way, but left to him, whom best he could, capture all or part of it. They knew from experience (as did the Squire at heart) that questions, direct or indirect, would only bring forth non-committal replies, that put him in a stronger non-partisan light than he was before, and as their convictions were not disturbed by the broaching of the Squire's question, their expression remained as even as ever.

"How is yo'r compass guidin' yo' on the impending primaries? From what yo've said, an' what I've heard, yo' ought to be reckoned with the Varnaby faction, along with the Squire, eh?" asked Major Zachary, sharply and sourly, of Colonel Sallwell, at the same time giving vent to his preconceived convictions.

"My compass, sir, is decidedly towards Varnaby; he will surely win the mayoralty in spite of you gentlemen," rejoined Colonel Sallwell.

"Oh, no!" came from Major Zachary, Mr. Quinne (one of those Southern rarities, needing a titular prefix) and Captain Ogdane, who, all emphatic, all shook their heads, and continued doing so so long, that one might think they were endeavoring to imitate dervishes. The Colonel and the Squire shrugged their shoulders, contemptuously, while Judge Huston grinned broadly.

Said the Colonel, "I would have proposed old Captain Stone, but he has the gout, and is further incapacitated and sorely troubled with pleurisy, and refuses positively to put himself forward, besides he's a friend of Varnaby, a staunch friend. I was disappointed, notwithstanding, in his peremptory manner of refusal, and readily saw it was worse than useless to urge him," pausing to knock the ashes from his cigar, during which stoppage in his speech the Major, perhaps, took undue advantage of the opportunity and broke in:

"It's a wonder yo' and Captain do Gane did't run out poor old Collier," derisively, but not ungentlemanly, spoke Captain Ogdane.

"He has more admirable traits an' qualities in him than Varnaby has, or ever will," bitterly responded the Colonel.

"Yo' are on the outs with Colonel Varnaby," remarked Major Zachary, "and because of those military differences that yo' had with him during the wah, yo've thrown yo'r power in his way; but they'll only impede him, Colonel," spiritedly thrusted the Major.

"By no means. They'll do more than impede. He cannot overcome the obstacles in his rocky road to success. Captain du Gane is a most bitter antagonist of Varnaby's," declared the Colonel, in responding.

"Yes," irritably said Captain Ogdane, "but I consider him a nonentity. He carries a purse an' a violent tongue, that's all."

"Sir, you will soon learn a deeper respect for the Captain's ability, and assess his power much higher; you forget he is a close connection of the Hales, an' their influence carries weight, and, that as well, he has influence," said the Colonel, nettled at the aspersion cast on his friend.

They all fell to violently puffing their cigars, except the Judge, who leisurely continued his smoke.

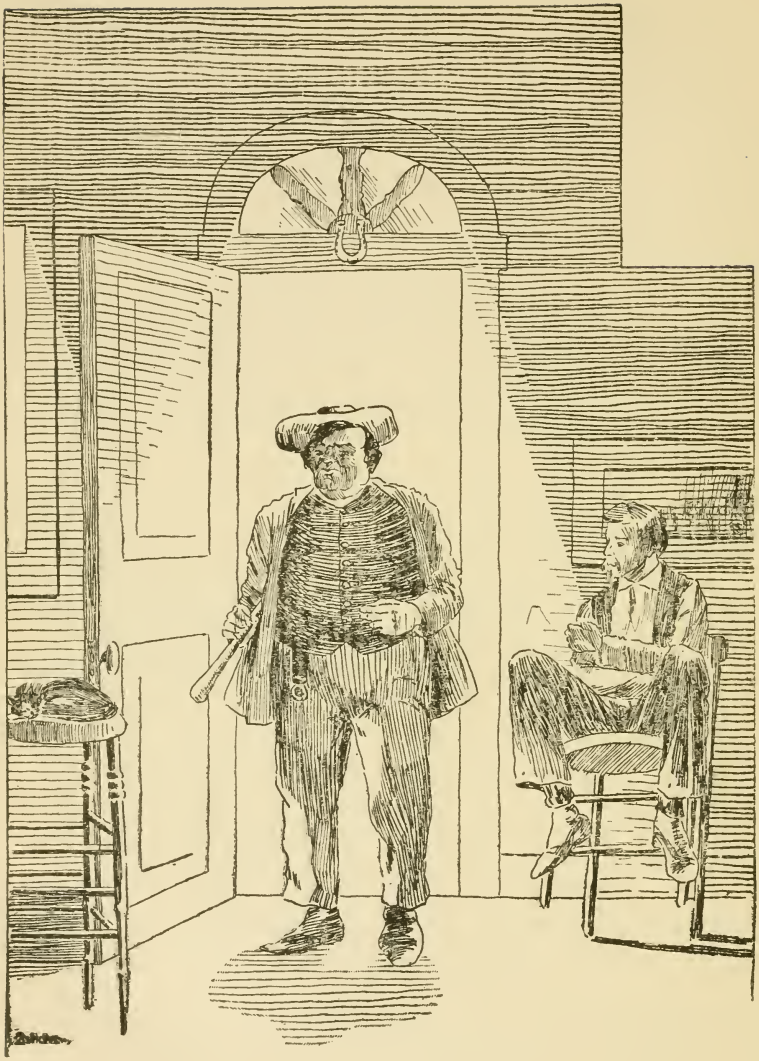
At last Major Zachary started up.

"Well, Cunnel, yo' aren't utterly mistaken in saying that Cap'n du Gane has power. But demn his power, I say. He use to live in Florida, an' since th' wah has settled heah, with his relatives. Because of some unknown prejudice, imagined slight or somethin' or other, he's gone in madly with yo' supporters o' Varnaby, but he'll get no persimmons for yo'."

"Major Zachary, yo'r sympathies carry you away, I tell yo'." At this point of affairs, Colonel stopped, and with the rest looked at the door, as there lumbered in an elephantine man of truly Falstaffian proportions, who looked as if he had ruined saloons by solitary imbibing of their liquors. In one of his fat paws was the hereditary staff of Shakespeare's fat knight (so it seemed), and with his other hand he was softly patting the huge black and shiny alpaca jacket encompassing his mountainous stomach, that the benighted savages, who believe the seat of intellect to be in the belly, would have considered made him the brainiest individual in the world.

"Ah, Squire Yorde; how are we?" asked Judge Huston, happily, both in welcome to the newcomer, and in an effort to break up the unhealthy conversation on the tapis.

"Well, well, I ain't seen yo' in a coon's age," came the gutteral answer from this prodigious fat man, who extended his left hand to be shaken, as it was.



"AH, SQUIRE YORDE, HOW ARE WE?"

"Here is another upholder of Graham, Colonel," declared the Major, triumphantly, as the corpulent personage was being introduced to Chet, by the Judge. The Colonel looked at this "upholder" in profound contempt.

Squire Yorde immediately proposed more liquor, which was ordered, and all, excepting abstemious Chet, partook of with great gusto. Then the Judge, looking at the clock, mentioned the time to Chet, debated a second with himself about leaving the rest, and then decided to bid them au revoir, temperately declining more liquor. Chet and the Judge then started for home.

So it was that Chet obtained his first conception of Zodgeton proper and Zodgetonians.

CHAPTER V.

"THE NEW REPORTER ON THE EXPOUNDER."

Monday was the appointed day for Chet's commencement in his official capacity on the staff of the Daily Expounder. The day of the visit being Saturday, there was but Sunday to intervene, and Chet went to church with the Judge and his family, spending the remainder of the day in absolute rest and quiet.

Monday morning Chet was up bright and early, outdoing his uncle, who was snoring away for dear life (as he had been each morning, for that matter.)

After one of Aunt Chly's most excellent breakfasts, Chet and the Judge started out to walk into town, to the Expounder Building, footing it, as the Judge said, to reduce superfluous flesh, although this hardly held good in Chet's case. Still the lively little pace they pedestrianized at freshened and stimulated him.

The Judge just dropped in at the Expounder office, exchanging greetings with Bosbyell, who had just arrived ahead of them, and then went on down town, to attend to some legal and private business.

Bosbyell had saluted Chet with a brief "Howdy," and had then continued a whispered disjointed conversation with two young men busy on some files of papers.

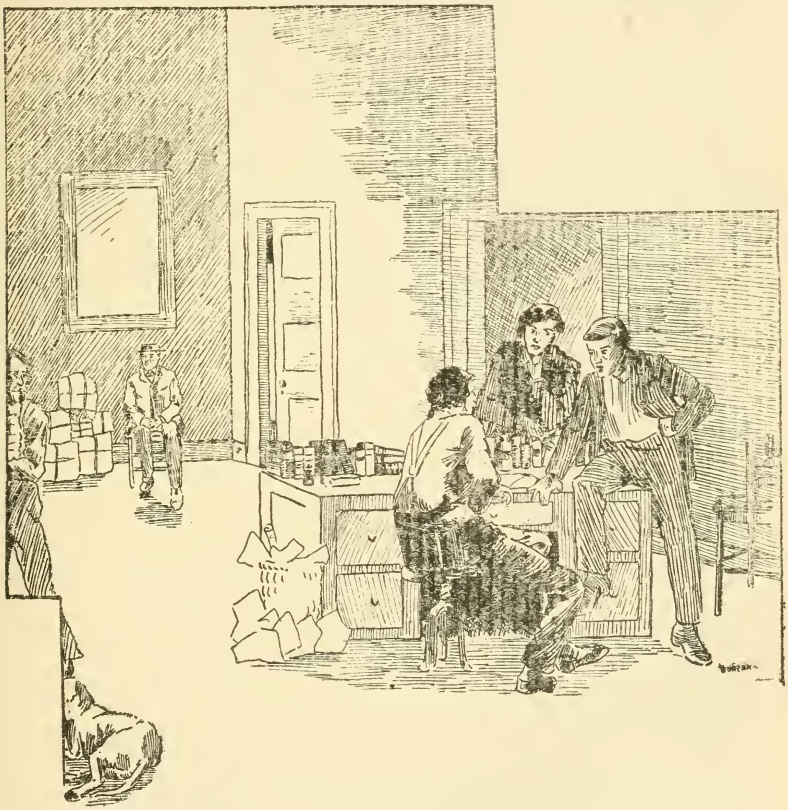
During the elapse of time, Chet sat uneasily on his seat, uncertain if there would not be a good sized hole in the seat of his trousers by the time the editor was ready to talk out, or if the seat of his invalid chair might not go through, overburdened with its cares, or if the solemn clock should run down with fatigue, or some other catastrophe happen, but his fears were groundless.

After a time, the uneasy situation of Chet was relieved by Bosbyell quietly suggesting that Chet hang up his hat and coat, as he and his associates had done.

After having flung off his coat and "nailed" his hat with it, Chet looked askant at the editor, who was preoccupied on a paper one of the young men had handed him, and was consulting him about, the other remaining equally occupied, on a little bundle of sheets of his

own, which seemed to cause him numerous internal dissensions and debates.

Again the silence was dispelled by the editor completing his labored correction of errors on the sheet before him, and looking up, hastily introducing the young man at his side as "Mark Bosbyell, my brother, associate editor of the Expounder." The two young fellows, Chet and Mark, nodded pleasantly at each other, and then the other young man,



THEN CONTINUED A WHISPERED, DISJOINTED CONVERSATION.

"Mr. Digby Olden," a rather reserved, but more pleasant-featured young fellow than Mark, who was not ugly, was introduced. He looked to Chet a little older, possibly twenty-four.

Mr. Olden, in common parlance, "Dig," was a plain reporter, like Chet. Having finished his office work to his satisfaction, he grabbed his coat, tossed his "straw" on his head, and bounced out with a scarcely articulated "good-day," for common politeness sake. Mr. Mark Bosbyell soon followed suit in a like manner. Then the editor continued scribbling away with a round blue pencil he held eccentrically up, down, crossways, sideways and noways, it seemed to Chet. At last, the pencil was banged on the desk, and the editor freed his lungs of pent up carbon dioxide, and, after having left off his surplus steam, he pushed his chair back against the wall, with a whack.

"Well, Chet," said he tentatively, "I suppose you want something to do. Just look over these files the boys have made; those are the 'about town' results of their wits yesterday, and I guess yo'll find errors in their work. I always do. If you find they are shatterin' grammar or anything like that just fix it; when yo're through I'll have something more for you."

So Chet pitched into work, and for the next few days he was in for it in earnest, and showed Bosbyell and his assistants his mettle. His labor was entirely in the office, most foreignly to a reporter's duties, revising the notes and "tid-bits" brought in by Mark and "Dig," and even descending from his nominal position of reporter into that of book-keeper.

When the proofreader was "laid up" for a day, he also took his place into the bargain, with his other duties.

The office, in pursuance of his statement to the Judge, Chet had set about to renovate. First of all, at spare moments, he cleaned it up until it was thoroughly free from dust, after having persuaded Bosbyell to lay away his desk papers, so that they would not be swept away, and the two assistants of his staff, tractable enough, if he could only show them the point gained in doing a thing, but this took all his ingenuity and patience to do, and then he only partially succeeded. The room-cleaning, oiling of the editor's century unoiled office chair, that screeched so pathetically at times, the varnishing of the editor's desk, was work, performed almost entirely by Chet with the simple accedance of Bosbyell and his associate editor and brother, and the slight, but good-natured assistance of the other reporter, "Dig." The cleaning of the hall, he had done by the combined assistance of the compositor, "Dig" and himself, but his efforts to obtain new panes for the broken office windows (remember, one was whole) fell flat, as did his efforts for a repainting of the room and hall, and the mending of the dilapidated balustrade.

One event had occurred which proved most baleful to Chet, who

had never been in such a position before. The day Chet joined the Expounder, Bosbyell had written a laudatory article, commending him to all perusers of the paper, and the next day it was given prominent space, much to Chet's personal gratification, but the next day following the publishing of the issue containing the article, Chet's pride was as rudely knocked to its knees, by a glaring editorial in the Outcry, the opposition paper, which was handed to him for his inspection by "Dig," the young reporter, with whom he had become a mutual chum. Here is the article:

"On Monday of this week, that foul contemporary, The Daily Expounder, of this city, received an addition to its ranks, in the person of a young imported blockhead, by name Wunnal, which fact is boasted of in large type by that empty-headed verbialist who edits the sheet. From responsible sources, we learn that this American-English ape, this Wunnal, is a son of a Northern New England born and far West bred Yankee, who married by elopement a Southern girl, and then went to Kansas and turned dead North, after seeing that his attempts to pass as a Southerner were nil. The uncle of this pernicious fellow Wunnal, who has joined the asinine staff of the Expounder, was a cowardly, Northern scribbler, who ran a defiling paper in a black abolitionist settlement on the border of Missouri, abusing the fair South, and her people and principles in a manner that no self-respecting Southern journalist could hope to have imitated even if he so vilely willed. This flattered popinjay, who has invaded the sacred precincts of this beautiful city, is now prepared to stuff down the throats of our unsuspecting citizens the most shameless, improvised calumnies concocted in conjunction with his despicable associate writers of that vitiated sheet, styled the Expounder. Shun him! Shun him and the leper sheet he writes for!"

"Well, that fellow has a gentle outlet to his opinions, hasn't he," said Chet, to "Dig" and Bosbyell, as he finished reading.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the editor, "you wait awhile, and see how he improves on it."

"I've a mind to go around to his office and punch his head for him," said Chet, with flashing eyes.

"Don't do that, Chet," said "Dig," quickly. "He has his shootin' irons for visitors, and yo' wouldn't find the office healthy, even if yo' carried a gun, an' I reckon yo' don't, do yo'?"

"No," replied Chet, shortly, "but I'll give him a beating for this."

"No, yo' won't," declared the editor, mollifyingly. "Yo'll be doing sensibly if yo' quell yo'r uncle's anger, if he has any, as well as yo'r own. This fellow an' his lot are only too ready for a row, an' they'll

get it," meaningly, "before th' municipal nominating convention adjourns, without yo' steppin' in."

Later Chet made additional threats to chastise the editor of the Outcry, but subsequently followed Bosbyell's and "Dig's" advice, in fully quieting his irate uncle's gorge as well as his own, but now forth Chet began to think much more of the Expounder, and felt thoroughly revengeful against the Outcry, and pricked on by the event, he soon became learned in the little school of sarcasm and agnosticism advocated by the press.

The Expounder had sided with Colonel Jefferson Hadry Graham, in the struggle for the mayoralty nomination, and the Outcry had taken up the hue and cry against Graham, and was at the back of Colonel Marius Cassius Varnaby. The nomination struggle was equivalent to that for election, for the man nominated on the Democratic ticket was elected we could say with confidence.

The animosity of the two papers was now vastly increased by their stands on the issue and the exchange of penned bullets were frequent. The papers had changed from being full of local news and advertisements to being full of politics, partisanship and advertisements.

The nominating convention would convene in a week, hence the excitement had risen from intermittent to persistent fever heat, even the "white trash" of the town were inoculated with the vim around them, and followed and rallied around their respective leaders, who were proficient in the art of bully-ragging and bombasticism.

Bad blood, strained relationships, had sprung up generally, and plainly trouble was ahead, while the two papers of the town were foremost in the inciting of the rising wrath.

Friday of the week, each faction was to hold their barbecue with their partisans; winding up their enthusiasm for the vital week. Bosbyell decided that Chet, in company with Dig, should be initiated into the practical duties of his office, by reporting in conjunction with his fellow-reporter, the on-coming "'cue," at which numerous factional Demosthenes would lift up their voices in eulogy of their candidates and in depreciation of their opponents.

Not only the Mayor, but the town councilmen, as well, were to be nominated, together with a sheriff (Samuels being an unanimous choice, this issue was ended), and minor officials of the municipal government.

Speechmaking, drinking and the other accompaniments of "ante-election" were daily and nightly occurring, but none of these by-events rose to the dignity of a "'siderable gatherin'," and beyond casual

remarks, or jottings of their occurrence, the ambitious principals, who preached themselves hoarse on politics, were unable to see their Websterian spoutings in black and vanity-producing print.

But, mayhaps, the predominating cause of the non-appearance of the innumerable factional speeches on the pages of either newspaper was owing to the space taken up by the "addresses to the people-at-large," of the "manifestoes," warning and desecrating "editorials," "the opinions of this paper on political issue," and the countless stories of a scurrilous nature, printed to create a current adversion against the other side.

Chet was doing a Trojan's job now, as were his fellows, who were characteristically sluggards, but whose Southern blood had commenced to tingle under the opposition "fire," and danger was sniffable in their spasmodic efforts, in which it was noticeable that indolence was absent, a most ominous sign.

To give a lucid schedule of affairs, I will excerpt from the two duelistic journals, the Citizen's Outcry and the Daily Expounder.

The following is an article written in sarcastic feeling, desiring an amendment of Bosbyell's name, written, of course, by the Editor Browne, of the Outcry:

"We have an ambiguous paper, which especially afflicts this proud city, as well as the press of the entire State.

"This aforesaid sheet is edited by a loud-voiced falsifier, whom we know, to our sorrow, as Bosbyell, a downright, dyed-in-the-wool, stamped-on-the-face political roustabout, and a knave of all species. A man to avoid personally, and in propriety, to shun in all quarters.

"This simulator of respectability and honesty, entitled Bosbyell, spells his miserable cognomen most incorrectly, for to be indited unerringly there should be an inserted H between the fifth and sixth letters of his surname as it stands at present, otherwise the name will remain supremely inappropriate, for in speaking of him orally we intonate it both necessarily and unconsciously with the H.

"A man with such a sardonic smile, satanic laugh, and devilish heart, deserves all the inherent significance of the appellation of hades, the only region he is suited or was intended for. His glaring crimes and defects, which he attempts to cover with blackest iniquity, rouse the wrath of his justly indignant peers, and he will yet be groveling at the feet of those he has backbitten, blackmailed and degradingly libeled. Therefore, I reiterate, brand this snake in the grass, if not in name, in social standing, my suggestion is only a portion of giving the devil his due."

The following is a retort of Bosbyell on the animosity of the Outcry:

"The mangy little job press of this city, the Outcry, which has gathered a number of supporters around it, by its honeyed language (which it only uses to gain favor), now puts forth another of its petty affronts against us by trumping up a lot of disagreeable rot against a new member of our staff, at the same time disparaging his noble, unblemished family name.

"The insignificant puppy of this whining sheet, its editor, I refer to, should hide his head in abject shame, when he comes to the subject of names, let alone the fact that he has been the author and flaunter of consummate bosh by which he has tried to become conspicuous, he has tacked to him a cognomen that causes the thinking man to laugh. It is a name that truly exhibits the commonness, and gross trashiness of his ancestors, and demonstrates in letters, the personification of vain unbridled idiocy, one finds the personage whom it designates when he comes to deal with him. What nerve has this flustering jackanape to come forward and criticise the name Bosbyell, an hereditary honor of itself, when he himself, is forced to sign himself (which he does with supreme pomposity) Marmaduke Livingstone Smith-Browne. The elongatedness, worthlessness, and affectedness expressed in these cognomens are a practical, philosophical deduction of the being's individuality."

CHAPTER VI.

"CHET IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY AT THE BARBECUE."

The barbecue, or 'cue, as it is characteristically tersed by its avowed practitioners, is indigenous to the New World. When our old benefactor Senor (beg pardon, Mr.) Christofo Colombo, first "struck" his continent, he found the wild Caribs (from the native name of whom cannibal was derived) heartily ready to 'cue him and his small expedition, as the full-blooded Caribs of the forests of Guiana, and along the Orinoco River, South America, are yet anxious to do with adventurous beings of the present.

This Indo-American race of man-eaters (scarcely as sharky as some of their Yankee brethren of to-day) attained to the acme of cannibalism, and practiced their skill in the said art, on quite a number of the islands of the West Indies, from which they have mysteriously disappeared, but their progeny still inhabit the coast of the Caribbean, extending from the Isthmus of Darien nearly on to the River Amazon's mouth. All, except the South American type of Caribs, lack the traditional humanity-chewing love of their forefathers.

General (Christian name abbreviated) Oglethorpe and his steadfast proteges, the bankrupt debtors, settled fair and sunny Georgia, and they no doubt observed the native 'cuing trait, and turned 'cuists themselves. Although converted by force of example, they neglected most luckily to devour each other with the Indian avidity, but preyed upon Nature's lower animals, serving them as the barbarians did their helpless prisoners.

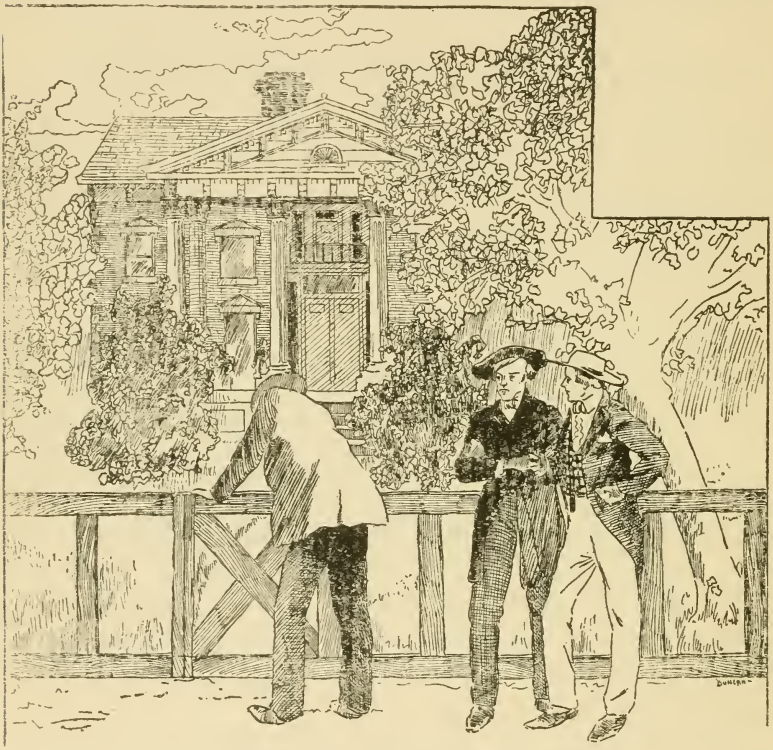
Barbecue is authoritively declared to be derived from the Haytien barbacoa, signifying a framework of sticks. The barbecue, or 'cue, is now only peculiar to some of the Western and Southern of the United States, each having especial functions, features and adjuncts of their own. But all are, as a rule, open air entertainments and social gatherings whereat animals are broiled or roasted intact.

The two political 'cues of the Zodgetonians were to be in the pure, outdoor air, and all connoisseurs and gourmands of 'cues were cordially invited to be on hand to act in one accord.

The Varnabyites had a beautiful, luxuriant grove of their own,

as had the energetic Grahamites, and each had their eyes on the other in their preparations for their feasts. Each strove to secure the best known and valued 'cuists purveyors, and each met with equalized flattering success.

Outlays for all minor, as well as potent features were made with



STARTING FOR THE "CUE".

the usual demagogue's liberally before election (we know he has none after).

Everyone was "pol'tics crazy," and the "trash" that could read to his fellows the political news, was considered a jewel, his stammering forgiven and poor pronunciation overlooked.

The night of the rival 'cues stomach desire and faction excitement had risen the blood of the most sluggish partisans to fever heat, and their pulses would have alarmed all but a Southern physician.

Chet felt the inward and outward strut of proud and honored boyhood, but to prevent pride going before a fall, Judge Huston warned his gladsome nephew to beware of expressed or demonstrative partisanship, and Miss Katherine tossed a sarcastic thrust into the gruesome lot of advice, which, however, Chet bore in mind.

It was a fragrant moon and starlight night, the orange blossom, Cherokee rose and other emblematic Southern flowers were out in all their versed glory; the scene so quaint and dear to all thorough-hearted Georgians, and to all entrancing, but as I am not a poet, I cannot transpose my description to verse, more than to say that the scene was a poem in itself.

Chet, with "Dig," and his fellow, and, as I remarked, chum, started and arrived at the grove together, in company with hordes of exuberant, boastful Varnabyites, who made their blood surge with their partisan talk, especially "Dig's," but, with good discipline of character, they abstained from firing back at the outnumbering crowd blaspheming their friends; they were there to observe, note and report, and criticise their pleasure, both in print and verbally when out of the enemy's camp.

"Remember it is as much as yo'r life is wo'th to be an outspoken Grahamite to-night. Yo' must be mum for sure, Chet," whispered "Dig," to Chet, as he separated from him to "round up" occurrences and incidents, with spying, a no unimportant side-object, Chet felt, and was well cautioned, started with the same object as his chum, quietly maintaining his reserve.

Georgia is the State for 'cues (though a Kentuckian will tell you differently), and we hold that the Kentucky "cocktail" colonel is the dominant imbiber of throat blazing rum in general (though there are others to claim the honor (?)), but Georgia ranks among the number ones all around.

What Southern "trash" can't guzzle a barrel of whisky and its sister intoxicants, mixed and unmixed, and yet remain supremely unsatisfied? And if "trash" stomachs can receive and store all this, what cannot the cultivated, blue-blood imbibers dispose of in their copper-lined receptacles in the same ratio?

The hungry and thirsty bellied "'cuist" gluttons were out in divided, but omnipotent force, and he who was delicate about pitching in (by-the-by, where was he?) was left, but Chet felt assured that everyone landed on the food, and that the food landed in them, before the stars had had half a chance to twinkle.

Negroes, stationed at the pits, were busily occupied and sweating, in basting the carcasses, which work had been proceeding slowly, con-

stantly and carefully for many hours, as it must be up to standard "'cue" quality. Lambs, shoats, and kindred animals, not oxen, or large quadrupeds, were roasting entire and cooking tediously, to follow the viands that the carnivorous crowd would soon demolish in their entirety, and, be yelling and growling for more, but the "more" was the "holder," as well as the "bait," for, in spite of worked up enthusiasm, sleepy, bored, constituents will desert tiresome speakers unless there is a "something," a big "something" like this, to keep them together; thus discretion won the day, for the "something," the remainder of the "layout," came in at the end of the all-important speech-making. The fox never treats, unless he gets his dues.

Chet was not enraptured or appetized by the process of preparation for the 'cue's grand finale, the uninitiated are generally placed hors du combat by prolonged gazing, just as green seafarers catch sea-sickness, and decided it was the best for his gustativeness to level his sight on some other scene than the little domestic animals over in the long trenches, resting separately on rods or spits, over the live coals, while the blacks, under the superintendence of knowing white individuals, were busily moistening the carcasses with an aperient basting (vinegar and so forth) as the carcasses kept on their slow, hades-like roast.

The finis of the 'cue roast is encountered when the roasting carcasses fall apart, at which stage all "fall in," devouring with 'cuist rapacity the juicy batches of the 'cued animals, which are now edible and through muster, having been deposited in yellow capacious bowls in liberal heaps.

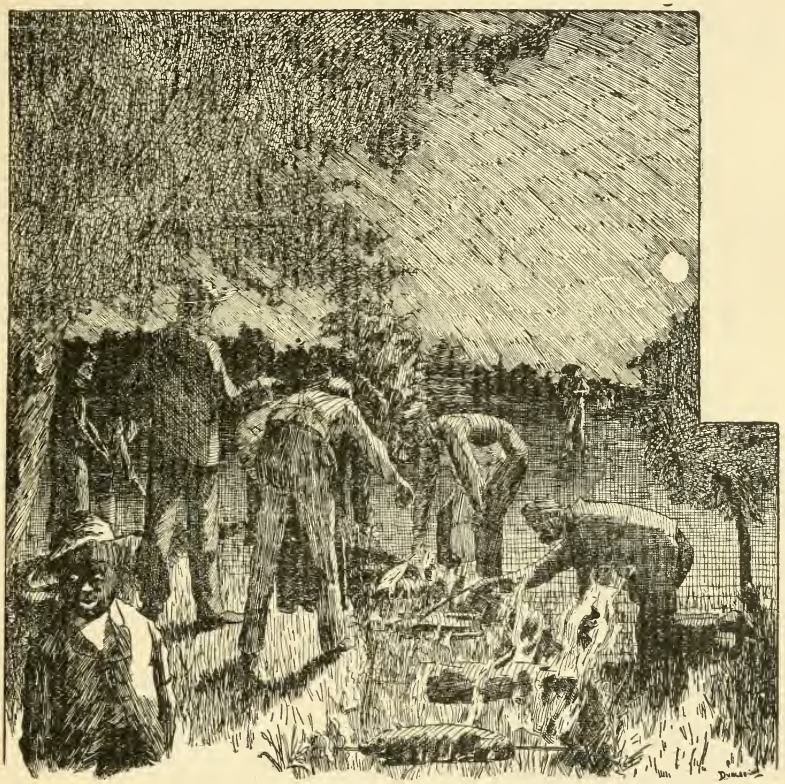
The stews, which form the other half of the barbecue, must be as slowly, expertly and conscientiously cooked as the "roasts." The stews are compounded and devised both for the vegetarian, and inveterate meat-eater, and that mortal, the combined vegetable and meat-eater; that is, some are composed of vegetables, and others of meat, but an admixture is never made. An epicure who enjoys both, can have both, but served up separately.

Chet held aloof from the feast and did not test the result of diligent, epicurean labor, in spite of all the praises and congratulations showered upon the 'cuist principals, much of which he overheard. He had staved off hunger by eating his full before setting out on his trip, and as he had scant appreciation of the repast that was under attack, he did not feel pangs of regret, as the 'cue devouring abated, by reason of the giving out of prepared victuals, and the assembling of the crowd to hear the speakers.

Chet jostled forward with the slow and now sombre crowd (the

process of assimilating their fill of 'cue, a part of digestion that knocks the tenderfoot to pieces, had stricken out the rampant joviality; but the crowd was just saving themselves for events that needed boisterous attention.

The large "speakers' platform" was down in a hollow, beautifully



GEORGIA IS THE STATE FOR "CUE."

surrounded by Southern nature, as well as Southern natures. The "orators of the night" were ranged in school-boy's free-hand half circle, irregular and crooked. All were seated or about to be so when Chet took up his site on the little knoll, from which coign of vantage he could espy all operations beneath him on the level lower down.

On the center of the fair-sized elevated platform was a small ob-

long table, with a smashed white pitcher, and a woebegone glass on it, the usual voice restorer receptacle, with possibly some soothing, exhilarating ingredients in its liquid contained within.

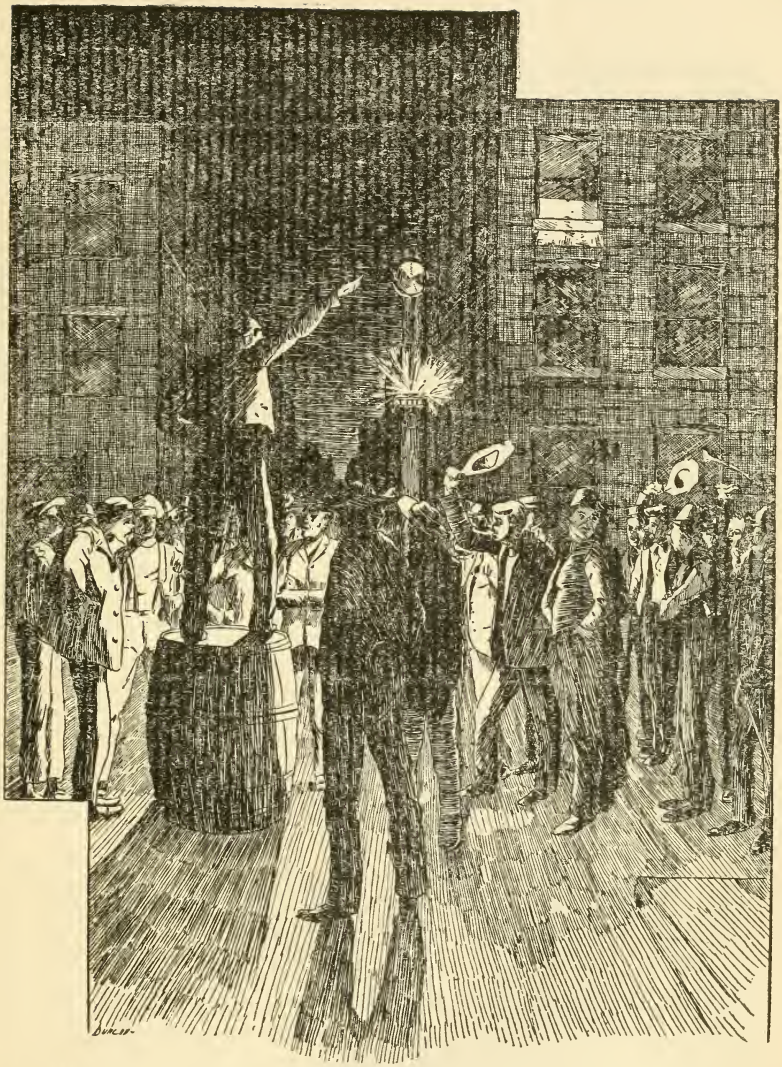
Chet recognized but one of the seated natty, coolly attired gentlemen of consequence. To the extreme left, but two chairs from the end of the semi-circle, was "Mr." Quinne (one of those Southern rarities needing a titular prefix, but he was a hotel keeper). This individual Chet well remembered. As he sat, brushed and dressed up in his best, he decidedly smacked of the hotel variety. From the shadowy outlines of his face, it looked as if he desired to step forth as an orator, but he had not the temerity to try the experiment and risk a poor talker's abject downfall.

Beside him was a Splinny, puffed cheeked Southern planter, a heavyweight beyond question. On Quinne's (excuse me, "Mr." Quinne, that honorary title must never be neglected by outsiders) right, was a genteel, glossy Southerner. This species of the Southern population are worse than that "white trash." They are all-around "bad men," but there are any number to counteract their stains, who are virtuous, and, as I might most expressively put it, are true as "Sheffield" steel.

The other characters gesticulating and chattering, were of unsorted species, all interesting, and nearly all were acting on the surface, especially those who had stakes in the forecast. In the center of this congregation of amateurs and professional politicians, was the honorable Colonel Varnaby, just arrived, of course, in the company of Colonel Sallwell, Squire Peabody, and another man of importance, by looks a French-American. They were endeavoring to utilize their pairs of arms as if they had fifty, but it is wonderful what acrobats we become under pressure. After the wild rush had subsided, the gentlemen set the example by dropping into their chairs and coming to order. The crowd was stilled.

A gentleman with a florid countenance, arose from his chair and walked across the platform, speedily reaching the water pitcher, which, without ado, he lifted and poured some of its contents into the glass and drained it, then, quietly moving his lips nervously in preparation for enunciation, he at length commenced in opening the programme of the evening.

"Gentlemen!" sonorously, and with forced distinctness, came his voice from vocal depths. "Allow me to present as the first speaker of the evening, a gentleman of great probity of character. The great befriender, Major Jackson." with a graceful willowy wave of his hand, indicating a brief, stout old gentleman, possessed of a benevolent, comical face and a bald pate.



AMBITIOUS PRINCIPALS WHO PREACHED THEMSELVES HOARSE ON POLITICS.

The announcer retired and the Major, a popular planter, came forward, amid the cheers of the crowd, and cries of "here comes Major Hank!" With one long 'haw," the Major rushed along with his remarks and borrowing from Chet's note book, I may, without copiousness, reproduce phrases of the quaint half illiterate speech rendered.

"Boys! We air heah to-night for the good o' ourselves, an' th' opposition as well. For they air beyond conjecturin' standin' in their own light, shadowin' themselves, they air their own wust enemies, as th' old sayin' goes, an' we air their only friends. For by keepin' them out o' office we prevent 'em ruinin' themselves. O' course, we will win, there can't be a person heah, who thinks diffierent, but we have reason to win.

"I hev been selected one o' yo'r Aldermen, befo', an' have helped to make that body an' its executive, the Mayor, the revered corporation it is, I b'lieve. Therefore, I speak with the persuasion o' wholesomeness an' thinkfulness.

"I doant condemn a thing wrong jest 'cause it looks wrong, but 'cause it is wrong, found out by proof an' actual contact with it.

"Th' other faction, it is true, have some of the ol' legislators in their tissuepaper opposition, but they air the dissenters, maligners and incumbrances o' th' party they were 'lected with. Their perfidy will be paid in bad coin by their new found allurin' allies, mark me.

"Th' invulnerable, hard an' thick skulled reprobates o' family an' social standin' behin' th' brazen, outrageous scamp a whinin' fo' yo'r ballot, air led by a counterfeit gold ring in th' nose now, but their ring will feel brassy, an' th' flesh 'll be cut, then th' brass'll take effect, blood poisonin' will set in, and then will come the rupture o' relations between 'em all. This'll surely be, as the heavens above us, but doant low these fellers to get in office, an' then split, or th' city coffers 'll be th' salve for their wounds in gen'ral. Therefor' I appeal to yo'r own self-respect as citizens o' Georgy to squash th' blamed combine o' swinish hogs, this alliance o' know nothin' sharpers! Thwart their schemes, with me and yo'r friends an' be dead agin sich blowed-up pollyticks."

It is unnecessary to record more of this oratorical exposition, and as Chet neglected to take down the rest of the Major's similes, "plain," or local talk, his provincialisms contained in the unrecorded bulk of his address, we'll hop over it. Suffice to mention the Major ran on in the strain he commenced in, then wound up with effusion, greeted again with the noisy plaudits of his hearers.

The announcer once more rushed forward, tackled the water pitcher (as if he had done the speech-making), and while the crowd was quieting down, announced gravely and decorously:

"Yo'll have th' honah o' hearin' Squire Peabody, who'll keep th' ball a rollin' smartly." "Squire Peabody!" came the announcement thunderingly, as the Squire rose stiffly, with a drawn smile, and crossed the planks in measured glides.

The Squire loosened his joints visibly, as he reached the fore part of the platform, and Chet grasped his pencil ready to follow closely in his wake.

"Public-spirited citizens!" came in a strong natural tone, and the crowd bristled its ears. The cited remarks are narrowed, but sufficient to depict the Squire's temper:

"Generally, we can say when a new competitor enters the field, 'the more, the merrier,' but the axiom is left to oblivion in the ongoing mayoralty bubble.

"We have before us a heterogenous combination of out-and-out rascals of varying types, capabilities and degrees, struggling with might and main to capture the prize and spoils of power—office—not the honah of elevation to representation of the people.

"Will yo' allow these would-be political tyrants, despots, to supplant a municipal government that has always been gentle in authority and stern in justice?

"Will yo' vote in these jugglers o' law and right, have humbuggery, pertinently handled by big-bug humbugs, the sole art of yo'r wielders of municipal might?

"The big bugaboo of th' faction arrayed against us is a most unscrupulous fellow, who is meshed in the marches of infamy. He is avowedly against the weal of the people. His sugar-coated fly-catching words are a poor covering of his deceit and trickery.

"This intolerant, blatant 'patriot,' is a fit leader of the mass of cranks, soreheads and gamesters at his back. But he is but the ostensible head. The real prime-mover and ram (though he has improvised the nominal leader as the battering ram) is a verbose and chief pen-scratcher of the insignificant paper of this city. He and his press are a disgrace to the community, and should be blotted out forever, as he will be. And if any of his representatives are heah, will they remember to report my words." The Squire paused, and a murmur came from the crowd, who started in to make a scrutiny of their neighbors, and Chet put on a front of tranquility, though inwardly fearing a rush for him, but his fears were soon allayed by the Squire's quick resumption of speech, and the cessation of uneasiness in the crowd.

The Squire's voice fell melodiously on Chet's ear, and though its key was in variance to that of the siren's (and Chet had heard such

a fairy's tones), yet it seemed like one, because of the relief that pervaded his sould and the ultra atmosphere as it knelled forth. The question and stir caused by it, had knocked the wind out of Chet, and for some moments both his brain and ready hand were paralyzed. Still, when he had recovered from the small-sized shock, he decided not to put more of the Squire's eloquence in black and white, and was in sorry doubt whether his notices so far would be acceptable (and he later found that except that Editor Bosbyell was enabled to have the opposition's oral efforts under his eye for comment and criticism, they never reached the printer's ink of the Daily Expounder), but, notwithstanding, his was not ardent labor lost.

The Squire confined his language, and soon closed amid demonstrative approval of the bystanding crowd.

Out shot the lithe announcer, whom Chet had learnt from commentaries of near-by individuals, to be Doctor Felix Seaborn, as one worthy remarked, "a man o' science, an' if that bulgy head o' his'n doant contain brains, I'm soggy."

The erudite scientist announcer, reaching his base of operations, the table, dexterously, with a chain lightning movement, poured out some of his evidently life-instilling liquid and drafted it with gusto and an audible succession of gulps.

"Next is the Honorable M. L. S. C. Browne, the great editor of the Citizen's Outcry! Another suave bow and will-o'-the-wisp wave and stiff jerk, bow, and the "Hon. M. L. S. Browne, stepped forward from his seat, all eyes of his colleagues on the platform, and the crowd being fixedly placed upon him.

Chet "sized" him up, a moderate-sized, raw-boned, bilious individual, with pop-eyes, but he carried a good upper head, well arched nose, and rounded chin.

His large mouth opened as if he were about to yawn, but words in the nick of time seemed to come to the rescue, and a sound palmed off.

Without salutation, this personage spoke in a decidedly cracked voice, and with interpolated wheezes, his vocal chords diciduously needed tuning, and from the desperate efforts the "Honorable" gentleman strove forth one could feel certain he could not last through a boring lot of speaking, and he did not, although he held on as tenaciously as the nine-lived cat. Devoid of breaks, stoppages and coughs, the following might be submitted to the eye of the reader.

"Re-voicing the sentiments and perception of the gentleman holding this post before me, I can but condemn the personages that head the opposition, and who, judging from their mud-slinging methods and their past dastardly crimes against their fellow-men, will prove more obnoxious, more loathsome, if they reach the seat of power!

"The styled leader and header of the organized thieves opposing us, fighting with tongue and pocket as their arms, is a driveling idiot, eating pie on a barrel of gunpowder, with a lighted fuse attached, which will cause an explosion that will blow him and his abettors to atoms.

"The one who is really running the machine of manoeuvers, while standing in the guilty dark, as my noble compatriot has announced, the editor of the besmirched, scandal-mongering sheet of this city.

"He is the one who will reap the lion's share of all gains, rightfully or ill-gotten; he is the captain of their piratical ship, the chief of their nefarious, underhand enterprises, the directory of their wickedness, the dictionary of their thoughts, the cyclopedia of their actions.

"The desire of this culpable man for aggrandizement has impelled us to set forth these facts to dissuade our guileless citizens from entertaining his puppet as a candidate for an office it is more than hazardous to allow him to undertake, branded villain under the cohorts of a worse, more pronounced one, can only misuse the public trust.

"Do not allow this cat's paw and his kith to make your untainted city politics, and ravage all that you have built and stored up!

"Bind him and his dastardly fellows in ropes inflexible by vetoing their extravagant hopes of political power, by yo' sacred votes!"

At this juncture the speaker's voice deserted him (which fact noted—for he rightly supposed that Bosbyell would use the fact in a pricking way among his editorial of the next day).

Because of this vocal failure, the Hon. Browne made a bow, and cut his phlegmatic speech to an end. He was cheered vociferously, but every supporter present felt the unavoidable abbreviating of what would have been a fiery, inspiriting speech.

Colonel Sallwell and Captain du Gane followed in turn with their oratory, but localism and personal aspersions flung at Graham's "wah record" constituted what they said in main and Chet decided to rest for the finale of the speechifying, when Colonel Varnaby would make the great oratorical effort of the evening.

Dr. Seaborn, the announcer, rushed forward, swathed in perspiration, making a rush for the monopolized pitcher, and added a few more gulps to his reservoir (he had tackled the vessel between the two previous intermissions of speech).

"Our friend, benefactor and candidate, Colonel Marius C. Varnaby," announced the doctor, with depthful gravity.

The luminary of the evening came forth with a most methodic tread, that came with regular tramp on the planked platform.

This man of soldierly bearing halted as if some invisible and inaudible voice had given the command.

The crowd watched this martial being, to many of whom he seemed supernatural, and he sternly gave them a general's gaze, and then made a half inclinated nod as an acknowledgment of their presence.

He looked, to Chet, to be well on the forties, if he had not already reached the half century mark. He was broad shouldered, and a physique naturally majestic, and which had been cultivated by his military connection. His face was prepossessing, but had common flaws of all humanity, which any reader of faces would denote.

He opened his long-slitted, thin-lipped mouth with marked deliberation, but his words tripped out quickly, yet clearly.

"There is an old and trite aphorism, 'United we stand, divided we fall.' In it, it is acknowledged, all the discretion, strategy and valor of partyism and partisanship is contained.

"Men, I do not untruthfully flatter our alliance by saying that we stand thus. We are united and standing to repulse the already withering enemy with our honest ballot blasts.

"The rancid friends of obsequious Graham are already finding their iron corroding, and the rust covering their persons. The puerile apology for a man, with his ebullitions, is a spectacle of humiliation to honest friends, who perceive the quaking surrounding him.

"He is surrounded by a court of over-confident jesters, and blind-eyed prophets. One of these sturdily paints himself a mortal of amazing phophetic instinct, but I surmise that he will profit by wiping the ink from his arid pen.

"This personage referred to is the one denounced by other previous speakers. His written anarchy of sentiment and purpose only excite the brainless and avaricious, confound the semi-fools and disgust the thoughtful and practical.

"We would keep yo' out of the thraldom these monsters of iniquity would establish and perpetuate, if the reins of government fell into their horny hands. We will bind yo' to the mast of safety in this turbulent sea of opposition to political cleanliness and equity. Give yo'r hand and receive help.

"As soon as I was put forward as a candidate, the scoundrels composing the opposition knew they could not work their ends with me and commenced to look another man to bolster up against me.

"In their inspection they found all fair-brained men unwilling to fall into their rasping claws, but they at last hit on a miserable puppy who has long deigned to place himself on my level and to force himself on the community by announcing himself as a candidate for political honors.

"Honors! Little would this ill-bred puppy consider a position of

trust an honor. He would use his power and influence only to gain riches and forget the interests of the people who elected him. He would prove a veritable scorpion, and like that poisonous insect he would not only inflict a poisonous bite, but would leave a track of his infamy behind.

"Now comes the question, will yo' elect this poltroon, this base fraud, this political debaucher, who is piloted by a contemptible traducer of all righteous men, who edits a so-termed reform paper, but which is in reality, the dirtiest, mangiest sheet anyone would come across, if he travels from pole to pole.

"Will yo' elect such a personification of baseness? Will yo' elect the tool of a man that attacks all honest, God-fearing men, and who attempts by a bold front to force his abominable self upon yo'?

"I ask yo' in justice to yo'rselves, in justice to the community at large, in justice to unborn thousands, to show your antipathy to this contaminated being and others of his ilk, by turning him down at the polls.

"Show the outside world that none but men of honor, of eminence, of repute can hold your exalted positions, and that such reptiles, such callous villains as Graham represents, must expect to meet a political death at the polls."

The pristine calmness of the open-mouthed, bated-breathed crowd was pitched at a heat beyond the thermometer, and pandemonium held sway, as the Colonel concluded his terse speech.

Chet immediately started to get out of the grove, knowing that except for a carousal and extenuation and the completion of the 'cue, that all the orators of note would retain their wind. Possibly a few would-be political lights would fire off a few shaky impromptu speeches, but Chet had pressed enough into his weary note-book, and did not desire to wear himself and pencil out on reporting the trash of such weak speakers as "Mr." Quinne and his kind (as he comprehensively graded them).

Clear of the grove, he struck out for home, and soon heard a "halloo" in his rear, carelessly turning his head, he saw "Dig" coming along after him at a dog-trot.

"Hol' on, 'taint no use hurryin'," came the breathless remark from "Dig," as he closed up with Chet.

"No," smilingly rejoined Chet, "don't know as there is, but I want to get out of that verbal dynamite, and those madcap fellows down there."

"Ugh!" grunted "Dig," stopping by Chet's side, swabbing his flushed face, and then continuing, pantingly, "Old Nick, himself, would have

sent his favorite ogre for a fan, if he'd been crammed up on that dirt-stuck, tobacco-mucked crowd, like I've been."

"I wasn't as unfortunate as that, old chap," said Chet, as they trudged along together. "I wasn't encumbered or hampered by the crowd, but I got the essence of them, and the aroma, with that admixture of fiery scathing speech, doled out by that array of orators, knocked me up. By jove! Those fellows looked dangerous with their wild looks, and I know they carried a plentiful supply of arms."

"Yes, th' crowd of gabbers they had was enough to send a body o' sense plum 'stracted, but those crazy fools with guns weren't dangerous, Chet," replied "Dig," depreciatingly.

"Well, in England, all fellows learn boxing proficiently, and the use of good fists, I esteem a better medium than revolvers, shotguns and bowie knives."

"Yes, but yo' see th' weapons act as a sort of tonic on bad feelings, an' we must hev tonics in hot climates."

"Yes, but I thought your Southern mode of speech, when you are out of sorts was bitters enough."

Both laughed heartily at this jocular hit, and "Dig" said: "Yo're right, Chet, I reckon."

"Say, said Chet, with abruptness, "you must be a good mathematicians."

"Why?" innocently asked "Dig."

"Because you're always reckoning, don't you know."

"Dig" saw the point, and smiled sickly, but quickly answered:

"Yo' don't seem to think us good teachers, though."

"Why?" puzzledly asked Chet, in turn.

"'Cause, yo'r allus askin' 'don't yo' know,'" and "Dig" laughed a whooping laugh, as he planted this retaliating rib-roaster, which made Chet join with him, but decidely less vociferously.

The punning ended, and at last the friends separated, making a bee-line for their respective homes and their sanctified couches.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS AND EVENTS OF THE NEXT DAY.

Chet reached the office in proper shape and at an early hour the following morning, but Bosbyell had preceded him some time, and was working at a race horse lick, seventy strokes to the minute with his enchanted stub pen.

He was in his shirt sleeves, as he always was when doing "sweating writin'." "Dig" was diving into boxes of papers, and was chewing the poetic but empty-airy cud of reflection, over a long stretch of half rolled papers.

Chet noiselessly bounded over to Bosbyell's desk with alacrity, and as silently laid his note book upon it. Bosbyell sort of woke up to his surroundings as Chet did this, and after blinking his eyes a few seconds and stretching the muscles of his face, he broke forth half aloud, and more as if he were addressing himself, "Here with your reports. Let me run over them." Suiting the action to the word, he snatched up the book and perused its contents sharply.

Tiny winks, side-tracked exclamations came from his lips as his eyes traveled on over the sheets. Then he ran off his monotone ejaculations into depthful reading, and after completing his examination of the sheets, he fell into greater abstracted thinking.

"Phew!" came at last a loud intended-to-be-heard outburst. "These pages, Chet, are saturated with absolute sordid rot. They're one coagulated clot of vituperations."

Noticing a troublous cast overspreading Chet's face, at what he thought light censurism of a poor lot of work, Bosbyell went on reassuringly, "But yo' were immaculately right to bring this in." Chet breathed gladsomely.

"How did your 'cue prosper?" asked Chet facetiously.

"Up to expectations, if not beyond. We'll own everything yet," answered the editor, with a slight air of braggadocio.

"Glad to hear it. And though I've been out of the whirlpool, I wish you the best of luck, and that your boat don't get swamped."

The editor pulled out a drawer, tumbled out of it some clasped

papers, tossed them around, and selected from them a fastened set, of brown colored sheets, and then handed them across to Chet.

"Read that speech o' mine, yo' see if I didn't hit the nail, and smash the other fellow's fingers, at the same identical time," said Editor Bosbyell.

Bosbyell returned to labor and Chet set off reading the speech, which ran:

"Men of Zodgeton. Colonel Varnaby, the shoddy tin-horn aspirant for the mayoralty honors, considers our friend—also an aspirant—as having disregarded all unwritten laws of society in presuming to place himself on his level! I would like the Colonel to know that I consider him so far beneath our candidate, and every honest Democratic man, for that matter, that if I had the alternative of stepping into knee-deep mud or on his vitiated carcass, I would prefer mud. A thousand times, mud!

"This aristocratic popinjay, who has received whatever prestige he commands, by awing the multitude by his pomposity (and a great part of us refuse to be awed), expects to sweep us out in the coming fight, but he will soon realize his hallucination, and his loathsome confederates, who think they command the situation, will sneak into quietude from their bullying foundation.

"My condensed opinion of Varnaby is that his is of the brotherhood of those highly prized and cultured animals, the asses.

"There is an incident described in the Inspired Book, that fits to a nicety as a simile to the mooted situation, it is the story of Samson and the Philistines.

"The great thewed Samson being attacked by the Philistines, and having no weapon at hand, seized upon the jawbone of an ass, and with mighty blows dashed out the brains of his desperate foes.

"To form the simile, that this campaign presents, I would liken Colonel Graham to the mighty Samson, and then compare Varnaby's backers to the Philistines, placing Varnaby, himself, as the skeleton of the ass, whose jaw bone Samson used as his weapon.

"Varnaby's jaw bone, which emits the volumes of quixotic words that he and his friends term speeches, are our surest weapons of defense, and our ultimate victory is assured.

"When it comes to the point of decision, I can safely say it is far worse to have an ass than a scoundrel in office for the scoundrel would at least try to cover his tracks and from fear of detection and punishment would be deterred from open rascality, while an ass would be liable to be under the thumb of rascals shrewd and smart, who would let him run the risk unknowingly of falling under the ban

(while they thrust into the caves of treasure no rascal would dare to openly penetrate.)

"The Varnaby crowd orators have tacked up word pictures of the disasters our seating in office would entail, but their pessimistic warnings are in positive contrast with their optimistic word painting of the prosperity that will be brought forward by their success. With that man, that I have accused of being an ass, only an ass nothing more or less, in nominal power, you would soon discover what nourishment would accrue to your commonwealth.

"The dissolute, uncouth opponent of our honorable gentleman of sterling worth Colonel Jefferson Hadry Graham, is flattered by his nomadic forces with historic Marc Antony's appellation, 'the noblest Roman of them all,' which they parade upon their banners, in glaring inscriptions, as well as in their splurging, ineloquent oratorical effects, because the pampered figure-head that they hold up for public approbation is gilded with a non-plebeian name, romantically culled from those of the old Roman heroes, whom this personage disgraces as a namesake.

"The prominent factor in ancient history, ruined in name is the celebrated Marius Cassius, who has undoubtedly had many fits in his grave, caused by the reckless parental baptismal selection for this pedantic fossil, Colonel Marius Cassius Varnaby.

"Now, boys, tap the liquor, tackle the 'cue, and digest both my words and the spread at the same time."

"I tell you," said Chet after short contemplation, "that is a cutting, sanguine speech. I would have given anything to have heard your delivery."

Bosbyell beamed with gratification, as Chet said this and returned the papers.

"Did Squire Yorde and Captain Ogdane speak?" asked Chet.

"Yes, indeed. Th' Capt'n went off with a long end of the honors and th' Squire made a sumptuous, long-winded speech."

"I conjectured that the Squire would address windedly," pointedly said Chet, of the monstrous Squire, and Bosbyell appreciated it.

* * * * * * * * *

The work that had piled up for the staff of the Expounder was nearly mountainous, and all pitched in like zealots.

The nominating convention met in due time, and, after a stormy session, Colonel Varnaby was defeated by a tight squeeze, and the Graham faction, shaved through on everything, and therefore there was joy in the camp of the Expounder, and correspondingly the Outcry people were downcast at their protege, Varnaby's downfall, with his standbys.

Bad blood had been stirred up by the campaign of the factions, but none had been spilt, and Chet was not grieved that bloodshed had been averted. But it is never too late to do anything, and so it proved.

Two weeks after the nomination of Colonel J. H. Graham, the "staff" of the Expounder were occupied and perspiring over routine work, but the editor had grown listless, and was busy drawing shaky designs, etc., as Chet crossed over with a paper to discuss it with him.

"What on earth are those Chinese drawings?" quizzed Chet, before he commenced.

"Them," said the editor, pointing to them with the back of his pen. "They're they're, well—er, I call 'em nothin's," he said, rather desperately and ironically.

"You don't——." At this he was interrupted by the clang of the town fire bell.

"Hello! What's that?" came from the editor, who sprang to the window, threw open the sash, and poked his head far out.

"Thunder! Boys! The Outcry building is on fire," the editor announced most startlingly.

A precipitate rush was made by the "staff" down to the place of flames. The town was out in force, and the old worn engine, hose apparatus, ladders and the rest of the paraphernalia of the town "fire department" was rushed to the scene, the men of the town assisting the fire brigade.

Counseled by Bosbyell, the members of the Expounder refrained from running in with the rest.

"Yo'll only provoke a quar'll, if yo' get mixed up with those hot-headed fellers, they're nearly fiends, now that they see their property in smoke."

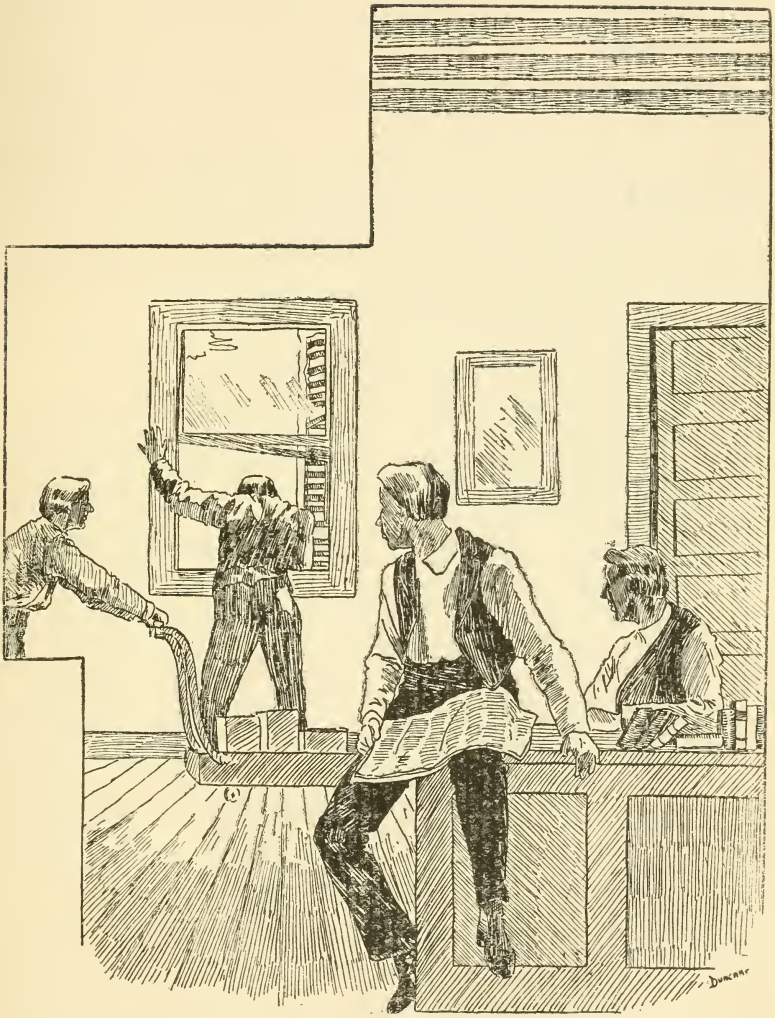
So, against their impulses they followed the instinct, or, rather, the knowledge of the editor to avoid trouble.

The fire, under a little breeze that found it, gained headway, despite all measures of prevention, and as the wood, sun-dried, the structure kept on like a tinder-box until its ashes marked its site.

"That settles that blabber Browne for a while, anyway," satisfiedly and cruelly coolly, Chet thought, as they retired from the ruined spot.

Excitement was all over the town, and all tongues were agog about the fire. Canards of all kinds soared through the air. Terrible stories, mysterious plots, were conjured up, as having caused the loss of the Outcry Building.

Bosbyell declared that he scented trouble, and as a precaution, left three employes to watch and guard the building during the night, and furthermore asked if all were armed. Chet was not.



AN ALARM OF FIRE—"THE DAILY OUTCRY" OFFICE IN FLAMES. DISCOVERY MADE BY "THE DAILY EXPOUNDER'S" FORCE FROM THE WINDOW.

"Look a' here, Chet, yo'd better carry this little trusty," he said, seriously, opening a drawer, displaying a shining revolver. "I carry 'em, an' yo' may be sure I won't commit suicide by not drawin' quickly enough, if I have to."

He took a good-sized revolver from each hip pocket, and later a smaller one from his vest pocket.

"I won't plunge into powder, my dear sir, for any slight provocation, but I'll defend myself, with nature's weapons to the last extremity," sturdily replied Chet, scoffing at the idea of carrying firearms.

A half sneering look was penciled on Bosbyell's face, but it was but momentary, being evicted, and a cast of pity succeeding it.

"Yo're yo'r own boss, Chet. But yo' aren't keerin' fo' healthy advice," was the solitary comment of the editor.

Chet was level-headed in refusing, so his uncle afterward told him, and as he was never singly molested or insulted, he also concluded his reply a piece of horse sense.

The next day an uneasy calmness was felt in the busily engaged Expounder office. The editor was positive trouble was brewing, and he and his "fightin'" assistants had their "guns" close by and their sight, roving though it might be, pounced upon them at every stray breathing spell from work.

Gathered in the office was the editor at his desk, Mark Bosbyell, the associate editor at his desk, "Dig" and Chet at their double desk, in the far part of the room, a sort of annex.

The buzz of the flies alone disturbed the stillness, and bothered the inditers. But soon came a more pronounced breakage. From the hallway, came the muffled noises of footsteps and persons shuffling up the stairs.

The editor leaped to the door and slammed it open, he fell back a few steps and cried out the alarm, "They're here."

All made a clench for their pistols and waited. Chet refusing "Dig's" proffered pea-shooter, and remaining "gunless," to "Dig's" chagrin.

"Yes, we're heah," came a stentorian voice from the hallway.

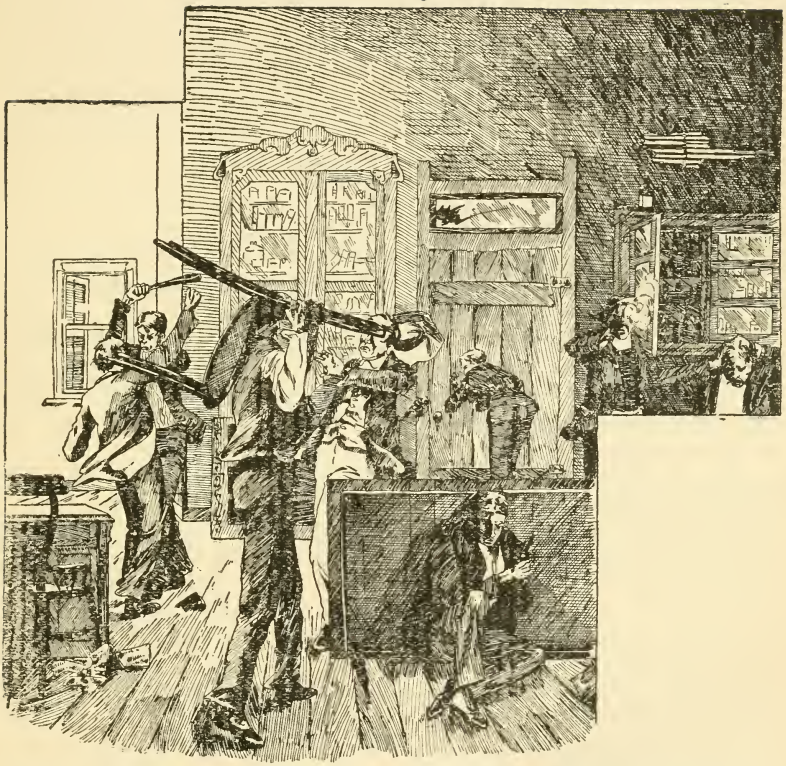
"Yo' bet—" came another voice, which chopped itself off.

This was followed by a bodily intrusion of several men headed by Browne of the Outcry—all with revolvers in their hands.

Bosbyell's brow darkened, and his lower lip slightly quivered with rage, as he ordered fiercely, "Pack out o' heah, or I'll bore yo' by——" He raised his revolver for action.

"The presumption," snorted Browne, "of yo'—yo' snarling poodle."

They glowered at each other like gladiators, when Browne sneeringly said, "I've a mind to expectorate in yo'r face."



CLASH IN "THE DAILY EXPOUNDER" OFFICE BETWEEN THAT STAFF AND THOSE OF "THE DAILY OUTCRY", WHO CAME IN FOR A ROW.

This was an irritant that caused a non-churchgoer's swearing affray that would make the mild curser's hair lift itself with astonishment, the equi-balanced individual's head-covering would simply turn affrighted somersaults (as Chet's was).

After exhausing the vocabulary of blasphemy, the lips, that had poured forth these irreconcilable volleys of abuse now urged fight, not by oaths, but by accusation and twitting.

"Yo' cringing adder yo' know full well yo' fired the Outcry building," came from the now nearly insane ex-editor of that lost paper.

"Yo' skunk of skunks, yo' know yo' did the trick, yo'self. Yo're a firebug. Yo' know yo've committed arson, an' are tryin' to smirch an honest man with yo're incendiarism," screeched forth the enraged Bosbyell.

Browne madly and hoarsely cried: "I'll blow the wind out o' yo', yo' cowardly booby!" On the last word, all guns up, and bang! bang! whang! was the order.

The din was terrific. Chet, transfixed with horror, crouched behind a pillar. Men rushed forward, over chairs and tables, knocking and spilling them over in their speed.

Suddenly came the sound of shots and imprecations from the hallway, and foot of the stairway. Chet guessed that the friends of Bosbyell were coming to his rescue from without and within—that the printers from their work rooms were the inside succor. Chet heard Bosbyell's voice, chokedly call out, through the smoke and cries, "Come on, boys!" A charge and precipitate retreat in the midst of shots and fire betokened the withdrawing of the assaulting party.

The smoke began to lift and solemnity prevailed, the little garrison's bullets being spent, reports in the street could be distinctly, though after the just past uproar and blasting, it seemed to Chet, faintly heard.

Chet's eye caught that of ferocious, now excessively pallid Browne, who was evidently pain-maddened; he lay sprawling on the floor, with one arm lying helpless and limply. His clothes were torn and soiled, including his generally immaculately clean shirt front.

Near him was Bosbyell, in a sitting posture, on the floor, beside an overturned chair, against which he was reclining heavily, with a suppressed pained expression, his countenance being lobsterly red, and his eyes dilating fiercely and spitting fire at Browne. Bosbyell was tightly clinching his right arm, which hung helpless, limp, by his side, blood streaming in rivulets from four shot holes in it. From his leg was another stream, coming from a wound in the calf, and which was running down his trouser leg. His coat was ripped up the

back, and ink was coursing down its front. It was inexplicable how the ink bottle at his feet reached him. Altogether, he was a gory sight, and Chet felt that the Expounder would be editorless for a time, unless someone temporarily discharged his duties.

Over in the corner of the room were two men lying across each other, groaning distressedly, both hard hit. As they were strangers to Chet, and as revolvers lay in a narrow radius of them, and as they were undoubtedly injured in the little pitched battle, they must be, he reasoned, friends of Browne and the onslaughters.

"Dig" was at the window, having an excited warlike look, and two smoking revolvers in his hands. He did not seem hurt.

Poor Mark lay across his desk breathing heavily and convulsively, catching his side and moaning in excruciating agony.

"Dig" put one of his revolvered hands up to his eyes, as if to brush a hazy mist before them away, and then attempted to dart forward, but toppled over weakly, showing he, too, had been hit. Chet began to think he was "reached" also, but felt himself all right, and without self-examination, ran to his disabled friend's aid.

"I've got it in the foot, Chet. Jest clipped me. That's all," he said, quietly and brokenly. Chet assisted him up, and he essayed walking, which he succeeded in doing with a limp. As he tried this feat on feet, he uttered a bitten-off exclamation, and rubbed his arm, near the socket, with a lightning movement. It was another "clip."

"Are yo' hurt, Chet?" he was not unmindful to enquire.

"Oh, I don't think so. Nothing serious my boy, if I am. But these balls chipped parts of that friendly pillar that acted as my armor, and some whizzed through my clothes," showing a just discovered rent in his coat-sleeve," but I guess my permit for this isn't rescinded, yet, my dear fellow. Yo're all bunged up, don't you know, though."

"Oh, no. But poor Bosbyell and Mark are."

A weak voice, that of Bosbyell's, struck their ears.

"Yes, I'm hit; but take a look at Mark, won't you, Chet?"

"Certainly, sir," came the respectful reply, as Chet hopped over to Mark, who had lost consciousness.

Mark had a serious wound in the side, and one in the foot. Chet set about to alleviate the sufferings of both friend and foe. He unloosed Mark's jacket, secured willing assistance from incoming friends, and set about restoring the young man to his senses, at the same time directing the men to look after the rest, including the maimed Browne and his two men.

The sheriff, sawbones, and other "healers," soon got on the ground, and succeeded in making life miserable for the anguished men, but they came out of the ordeal all right.

Mending of bodies was the chief industry of the town, but mending the feelings and agnosticism was barred out.

Chet, with the lame assistance of "Dig"—lame in several senses, as he could not work steadily, as a result of his wounds, and their shock to his nervous system, attended successfully to a daily issue of the Expounder.

But after some time, the "staff" was in working order again, albeit that Mark's wounds had an effect upon his health, but it was set at naught.

Browne, the fire-eater, decided to take to a new clime, and went to the Carolinas, but, although the Outcry has reached its destiny, Colonel Varnaby and his friends remain.

Chet, when I met him last a few years ago, was associate editor of the Daily Expounder, with old Bosbyell as principal. Mark having died of consumption.

Chet seemed, to my visage, the same old friend I had known in England, but a little more advanced in years.

He had discarded "don't you know," for "I reckon," and "you" for "yo' " and had obtained a few new, and lost a few old characteristics, in keeping with his surroundings.

THE END.

CHATS WITH MY FRIEND THE BRAHMIN.

NOTE.

In a box, where valuable curios, mementos and presents that had been gathered from the four corners of the world by Mr. John Jack and his devoted wife, Annie Firmin Jack, were kept, and which contained among many other things scrap books, valuable correspondence, etc., these two precious volumes were also deposited for safe keeping. This receptacle was in the Merchants House, 413 and 415 North Third street, Philadelphia, and was stolen from said premises, or said to be ; notwithstanding all manner of efforts through the police and detective systems and newspapers, advertisements, etc., were made, no clue was ever obtained from the missing treasure, so that the dastardly thief or thieves must have cast these precious documents—to at least two persons—into a fire as so much waste paper, This villainous crime is why these pages contain but one volume of his interesting and important "Chats with My Friend the Brahmin."

HUGH COYLE, Compiler.

पुरुषोत्तम रावतेलंग

Purushotam Rao Telang.

INTRODUCTION.

Purushotam Rao Telang was our guest at the seaside during the summer of 1894. My parents, during their extended sojourn, and travels in the Orient, had met his family in Bombay, India, and had formed a very pleasant acquaintance; consequently, when Mr. Telang called upon us, father was extremely happy to renew the friendship, and invited him to our cozy little summer home, that had been fitted up with a great many East Indian curios, which were both a surprise and a pleasure to Mr. Telang.

All through the summer, we were constantly talking about the East. I became deeply interested in the subject, and conceived the idea of writing down, and thus preserving the facts that I elicited through Telang's conversations. Telang approved heartily of the proposition; so, after each chat, I made copious notes. Having faithfully written them up, I submit them to the reading public, feeling assured that the chats will, in many respects, open their eyes to the true condition of India, and its favorite religion—Brahminism.

It may be well to state here, that Telang is not an ordinary Hindoo, but a man well educated in the old, native, Brahmin, priest fashion, subsequently learning English at a college in Bombay. Besides being a natural born artist and musician, he has acquired an extensive knowledge of the important sciences. Judging from our conversation with him, and the great amount of knowledge he gave abundant evidence of, he must have thoroughly grounded himself in the history and sociology of the entire civilized world. He spoke English fluently, tersely and eloquently, in the most choice, graphic language, and with but a slight accent; furthermore, his speech was made extremely quaint, and charming to the ear, by his musical voice, and Oriental idioms.

At the time of which I write, he was a man about forty-five, of slim, delicate build, but possessed of a quiet, reserved dignity that immediately arrested the attention of the observer. His face was nearly always placid, but ever expressive; his forehead broad and high, betokening intelligence, his nose large and well shaped, denoting practicability; his chin firm, and determined; under long curly black lashes, beneath still darker eyebrows, his dark eyes beamed forth a bright, kind, cheery look that lighted up his otherwise rather sombre countenance; his mouth, overcovered by a raven black mustache,

was well formed and clear cut, when slightly drawn revealing a set of most exquisitely shaped and pearly white teeth. In short, he is a typical representative of the highly educated Hindoo of the highest caste. Gentleness, kindliness itself, he is an embodiment of true politeness; not possessed of the superficial fawning and suavity, common to the low class of Orientals. It was no wonder, that during his visit with us, we became greatly attached to him.

Telang came of a family of the highest social status, his father being a revenue officer and magistrate; his cousin, who recently died, was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bombay; and he, himself, was employed in the service of the British Government, though his early education, and caste, fitted him for the Brahmin priesthood.

Telang decided, when the World's Columbian Exposition was about to be opened in Chicago, to come to the United States, see this strange land, form material and individual ideas of the outside world, return home, and use his knowledge and experience for the welfare of his countrymen. Surely no motive could be purer and higher in aim than this, but there was a great obstacle in his path. All believers in Brahminism are forbidden to leave their native soil, on the penalty of being ostracized from all friends and relations on returning—not even being allowed to associate with the lowest castes of Hindoos, who are taught to look upon a wanderer, in lands beyond the sea, as contaminated. Fortunately, modern influence and the liberal ideas entertained among the progressive Brahmins have, in some degree, lessened the enormity of this social and religious offense. So, finally, Telang and a friend, although firm adherents to Brahminism, determined to come to America, being willing to brave social ostracism, and endure any penance they might have to perform on their return, so long as they might accomplish the purpose of their journey. But, as Telang said to me, in spite of the high standing of his, and his friend's family, their own personal record, and the advanced and unsullied object of their mission, the old orthodox people will not accept them back into their caste upon their return; therefore, it was indeed a noble and patriotic sacrifice for their country's good.

Telang visited the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and then went to San Francisco, California, where he had the additional pleasure of witnessing the Mid-Winter Exposition. There Teland proposed a Musical Congress of the World, but, on account of prevailing unfavorable circumstances and conditions, he was unable to carry out the project successfully. However, his interviews on the subject, by the representatives of the leading San Francisco papers, rendered him well known throughout the Pacific Coast. Notably at the Stan-

ford University, Palo Alto, California, by whose President, David Starr Jordan, he was highly appreciated and endorsed.

Telang had also made an extensive and successful lecturing tour, from which he was resting at the seashore.

After leaving us at the close of the season, he went to New York and wrote for the Forum, and then, I believe, sailed for Europe to continue his observations.

To me he said at parting: "Remember, my boy, that my object, in encouraging you to gain all the knowledge you can about India, is, of course, for your own mental improvement, but most of all, to enable you, when speaking of her, to speak intelligently. So that when you hear her unjustly abused, as she so often is, you can defend her, and I expect you to do so at all times.

I replied: "Telang, gratitude alone, for the useful information you have given me, would force me to follow out your wishes, and as you have enlisted my sympathy in every way, you may rest assured that I am, and always will be, ready to plead and defend the cause of India."

The publishing of these chats is the first step in fulfillment of the promise, and I hope and trust that it will not be the last; it shall not be, if our Creator sees fit to grant me those precious boons, health and strength to continue in the course.

CHAT I.

TELANG DISCOURSES ON CONQUERORS.

"Although, while in India, I had noted the energy of foreigners, which far surpasses us, yet when I arrived in this country, I was bewildered beyond measure with the bustle and noise of your cities.

"The English are an energetic race, but, without any flattery, you Americans must be graded away ahead of them as 'hustlers.'

"Energy is indeed a great characteristic; the possession of it made the English speaking people first in power, progress, and nearly everything; the want of it has made India, and the Hindoo race degenerate to their present state. But you have had, have, and no doubt, always will have, existing conditions that must keep you on your excellent footing; you have a rugged life inspiring climate, and, greatest of all, you Americans, of these United States, have succeeded in establishing on a firm basis, a republic with all that its name implies. These facts you all correctly declare, have placed you first as an unspotted, unrestrained nation. Other powers of the New and Old world, have attained liberty to a large degree, but none can truthfully rank with you as a totally democratic government.

"All the potent and solid nations, have been created in vigorous climates, peopled by energetic races, who have thriven under free forms of government. But in what comparatively few parts of this universe does one find these essential qualities centered. The lack of these indispensable possessions has made dear old India, though rich in land and numerical strength, the puny, pitied nation she is. Pitied, the word darts through me like a spear, and cuts me to the quick. To think that such a grand country should occupy such an abominable position, which places her entirely at the mercy, or nearly so, of the scoffer and defamer; this beautiful division of the globe that should be a perpetual paradise, but has been so frequently devastated and ruined agriculturally and financially, by ravishing hordes, and nations, that now she is reduced to her present straits, a mere skeleton of the far distant past. But, to my own mind, majestic, august, as she has been in her day, ranking first in everything, she will yet redeem herself and place her people on the rock of substantiality.

"We, as a race, cannot hope to possess the energy of the Western nations. A people living in a land of intense heat, and having an

ofttime malignant climate, can hardly expect to have or to acquire the wonderful, untiring quickness, indefatigable perseverance, and tenacity in physical labor that you have. But, although our climate is enervating in the extreme, many of us are endowed with that virtue, mental energy, and this fact will, in time, accomplish the redemption of India.

"There have been illustrious minds in my natal country. Both her sons and her daughters have achieved great deeds, but of what short benefit to the people, and how few, and far between as you have it, have they mostly been. This has been due to the gross ignorance, cruelty and despotism of her conquerors, who have been many, and who have nearly always ruled her, until now, a civilized power, England, has gained control of her.

"The Hindoo people were launched forth on this earth in a superior state to the outside world, but for her terrible invaders, and subjugations, she would still range among the highest, instead of being fallen in might and prestige. Under ignoble conquerors, and their satraps' grinding heel, India has been beaten and crushed into submission, though she has fought heroically against it. She has passed through the throes of every conceivable type of warfare, and has sustained the full brunt of what war entails; their harm is simply appalling, when one reviews her list of injurers, who with loot and glory-seeking lust, have despoiled her dearest, richest treasure wantonly and barbarously, sapping all the spirit out of the downtrodden people, by their tyrannical suzerainty.

"These wanton, licentious tyrants would have destroyed her morally, but her discerning guides, her revered moralists, have piloted her people away from the impending engulfments in iniquity. This is proof, though at this period ruined in fortune, that she can yet mend her fabric and become a luminary of the world. For a people, who can be so sagely led by their own, and can follow so implicitly in the right, in the face of terrible, continually confronting temptations to induce them to forsake purity and chastity, must be one of herculean moral strength. They are, indeed, for they have gallantly borne up in the worst of martyrdom, and have crusaded against viciousness whenever they have had the leeway and resources to do so.

"Epitomizing India's memorable invaders and conquerors, I might mention, to give you some comprehension of the constancy of them, the invasion of Darius Hystaspes, over five centuries before the Christian era; that of Alexander the Great in 327 B. C.; the Tartar invasion; the Scythian invasion, extending from 100 B. C. to the dawn of the sixth century, A. D.; the Mohammedan period of supremacy, commencing from the first successful inroad by Subuktigin, in 996

A. D., until the destruction of the Mogul Empire by the Persian Nadir Shah, 1739; Mahmud of Ghazni (a zealous and ambitious conqueror on the behalf of the Faith of Islam, and son of the Moslem general Subuktigin) began invasion after invasion, seventeen in all, in A. D. 1001, in each of which, he invariably won, aggrandizing and fortifying his power by wresting riches from the subdued Hindoos. In the latter part of the fourteenth century, came the terrible man Tamerlane, who wrought death and destruction broadcast; Baber conquered in 1526, founding the historic Mogul Empire, which brought forth some able rulers at first; then came Nadir Shah of Persia; following him, in 1761, came Ahmed Shah al Abdali (a former general under Nadir Shah).

"India has ever been the cynosure of all eyes. The sensual pleasures her riches afforded, made her the legitimate (?) prey of all; the disgorgement of her wealth has everlastingly been the loathsome aim of her invaders.

"The people of this land of paradise, subdued era after era, and placed in the toils, naturally became embittered against their harsh grasping masters, who never relaxed their despotic ruling, but continued to absorb the good, the heart of their territory they had irrupted and made subservient. Moreover, these arbitrarily empowered oppressors, with their petty, underling despots, repaid their nominally dignified subjects, in reality abject slaves, by throwing upon them the vices of dissolutism, and the refuse of the real subjects of their absolute government. Are you astounded or even surprised that many of the Hindoos are violent dissenters, and opposers of foreign doctrines and methods.

"Besides the Oriental incursors, we have had numerous European invaders and conquerors, who have assailed our beloved India with ultra voracity. The Dutch, the Danes, the Portuguese, the French and the British, all fighting like the most rabid animals—ravenous wolves—once ferociously attacking the new found prey, and then, after killing it, fighting among themselves for the carcass.

"Manifold, and unnecessary sufferings were subsequently imposed on unhappy India (the much contested prize, the diamond in the rough), by brigandish, piratical European hosts. Advanced, and God-fearing nations, have concocted the direst villainies, heaped them upon her hapless, unoffending head and then have calmly, cold-bloodedly allowed them to work their destruction on her people, her lands, her all, while they, themselves (these inordinate gluttons) endeavored to appease their rapacious appetites for gain, unmindful of the rack and ruin they had fettered on their enfeebled, unaggressive victim.

"These evils, these stigmas, and curses, these trespassing destroyers have fanned into a flame, are among others, the most heinous opium and liquor traffics; England has introduced, organized and monopolized the first, whilst the latter has been led foremost by her, being meagerly shared in by the other powers, who have only held Indian possessions of limited extent, and who retained them but a brief period.

"Not only has Great Britain put these suicidal weapons in India's hands, and forced her (for she resisted) to learn and develop their use, but she has promulgated the enslaving opium, forcing the vile drug on much more unfortunate China.

"India is the involuntary producer of the opium (that is unfortunate and infamous enough), the Mongolian Empire is the principal consumer, but the British Government (most contemptible, and most infamous) is the sole purchaser of the accursed stuff, she is the guilty reaper of these ill gotten gains, gains procured by the debasement and suffering of sister lands.

"Fortunately, India only produces, and does not consume the damning narcotic. But despite this fact, that she is not the drug's vassal, she feels the pangs of the wickedness greater than the shame of a criminal besmirchment of her formerly clear name.

"Her richest soil is devoted to the production of the poppy, not strips of it, but in some districts all of it; the resulting penalty being dreadful famines. The cereals and the various necessities of life are neglected for the cultivation of this vengeance wreaking drug, and when distress of any serious nature possesses the opium raising districts, famine breaks out concurrent, and the people perish in thousands, yea millions.

"If India had been the guilty instigator, and promoter of the execrable trade, starvation meted out to her masses might have been a merited retribution, but when she is innocent, the punishment is too unjust and dreadful to contemplate.

"England, although she has not suffered directly for a sin she has nourished, has so conducted her own creation, that it has enwrapped the chains around her own form. She is now so deeply involved in debt, that she must needs continue in the wrong in a fruitless, yet desperate effort to reclaim herself. She dare not apply the effective remedy of entire, abrupt stoppage, by curbing her craving for treasure, that provoked the inception of the festering sore.

"Hence, the era of the opium trade continues unimpaired, and instead of declining, bids fair to become a permanent evil, that doubtlessly, will cast millions upon millions of humanity into an abyss

of darkness, infamy and despair. As the situation is at the present day, it will require an universal reaction of reform to down this monster, opium, and though this should eventually occur, I would foretell, not as an alarmist, that scores of years of preciousness must roll on, before the uprooting can be absolute.

"Considering these odious deeds, the critical historian must decide that England has not been a virgin of purity in all her dealings with India.

"Forethought, genuine sympathy, and concerted movement with the pure native ideas on the part of the government, can alone counteract, with expedite certainty, the feeling of mutual foreign animosity nurtured among the people of India.

"Diplomacy in its channels is right, but genuineness in acceleration, and propitiation of actions, and plans, is the quality that grasps the sceptre of command, that is presented with unanimous approbation. Notwithstanding, if a government cannot act with genuineness of sympathetic aid, let them do so diplomatically, if they wish to acquire the moral as well as demonstrative support of their subjects.

"Real diplomacy, in India, calls for many reforms, and time will only serve to more fully illustrate the want of them.

"There is not a virtue, industry or institution of any kind in India that has not been affected in some way by her overriders, and in most phases for the worse. It has been a case of a country, with comparatively few faults, having evils thrust upon her, and her original weaknesses magnified a thousandfold. But I am speaking of the past in relation with the present; India now has a present for the future, and she will gradually atone.

"When I came to this country, I was astounded by the false ideas prevalent about the land of my birth. Numerous books, pamphlets, magazine articles, et cetera, that I have read on her condition, customs, religion, and other subjects relating to her, have caused me mingled indignation and amusement. Indignation, because she has been falsely, no matter if unwittingly or not, maligned, and abused; amusement, because of the silly and, in a broad sense, asinine palaver and depictions of the writers. These scribes may, no doubt do, possess a certain amount of intelligence and education as their mortal apportionments, but they have procured their information from very unreliable sources, and, with extremely few exceptions, have taken a very narrow-minded view of affairs. I do not say facts, because they very rarely understand or state them, and when they do, generally distort them to suit and fit their works, and essays, which, as a rule, are of a very sensational order, intended for the sensation-reading public, and not for the cultured minority of your people.

"These abjurers of truth, and flippant traducers have spread incalculable untruths, and misconceptions abroad. The Hindoos are now looked upon by the immense majority of the intelligent, well-read, but ill-informed inhabitants of alien lands, as heathens or savages, or both, but, thanks to the All-Creative Power, or Creator, that you call God, and I Brahma, we are not pagans, uncivilized brutes, as we have been misnomered, and described by these travelers, and others. True, our life, our industries may be antiquated, and primitive, but our religion, and our morals are pure-pure."

CHAT II.

COMPARISON OF THE ART OF INDIA AND THAT OF THE OUTER CIVILIZED WORLD.

"With you as a manufacturing country, a progressive country, we cannot, unfortunately, be compared. But, in spite of our grievous deficiencies in the modern substantial industries of our forward contemporaries, in the arts, we, in many equal, and in the science of philosophy, we excel you.

"You, speaking of you all as one, are possessed of the substantial fruits of industrial art, while we have always ranked first in the ideal art, and, I presume to say, will continue to. I must confess that the advantages of excellence in the industrials are manifold, and it is only too evident, that in the upraising of the multitude it excels the ideal in much, but our Creator did not intend that the beauties of the world should consist in substantiality alone. No, symmetry of outline should also be considered, and only the combination of the two can be made perfection.

"True, a few of the ancient countries have competed with us, but they have degenerated, and some of them hopelessly so; while I contend, and every extensive traveler of India will support me, that India still has the material to predominate in, and perpetuate her sublime ideal art. She has manifested to the world the excellence of her artists by her exhibit in the building allotted her at the Columbian Exposition, though I must criticise the exhibit censoriously, and state that it was not nearly so good as it could and ought to have been. Yet, this feeble display of her ability made many realize her worth in her delicate workmanship.

"Our ideal art, which has been dealt blow after blow by ignorant, unappreciative foreign conquerors, is slowly progressing, and, in time, we will come back to our standard, and shall, I hope, endeavor to blend substantiality with the ideal.

"When I say substantiality, I do not mean exactly strength of texture; many of our beautiful structures, such as the Tomb of Noor Mahal, the Pearl Mosque, and others too numerous to mention, are still standing, monuments to the genius of the artist and artisan sons of dear old India. I mean the usefulness, practicability of every-

thing appertaining to life's work, everything concerned in the general welfare of a people. Too much ideality extends to frailness—too much substantiality to the other extreme, coarseness.

"I do not think, that I indirectly or pointedly accuse you of being lost to the beauties of the world, but I do state, as a fact, implanted in the minds of many of your own, that you, in your struggle for elevation, have lost much that is beautiful, and that you possessed when not so highly cultivated (?). Your own pre-eminent poets, and artists have mourned the lack of poetic, and artistic feeling in you as a race, and now, at the close of the nineteenth century, you are beginning to feel and realize the truth of their lament, and are, I am happy to observe, striving to culture all the beauties of Nature, which form the component parts of real art, ideal and substantial.

CHAT III.

"The mass of the people, of the outside world, already believe India a beautiful country, possessed of many artistic treasures in exquisite buildings, and the like, and that she has able artisans still, but they cannot imagine that she has a pure, mind-elevating religion, or that she possesses any inherent education, which she does in the upper castes; neither can they class her in any other respect with the advanced countries of the exterior universe; they simply look upon her as a wild, well night exhausted region of the earth. In this last supposition they are not long from right, so far as monetary exhaustion is concerned, but she is, on the whole, heights above wildness, and has the nucleus of far-reaching wealth in her breast. Though her glowing riches (the least valuable of all) have been spirited away by her invading robbers, her best remains for future toilers, though not for robbers. The history of the world has repeatedly demonstrated that there is a resurrection or evolution of conditions, and I cannot see why India should not have her resurrection as time glides on.

"Poor India must be aroused from her dormant state, and then her greatness will be of now, not of the departed ages. Do not think that I speak this in enthusiasm only, or because her long gone, proud and noble past wakens me to her possible future, which might be very vague had she not the material to work with. No, it is her rising condition that encourages, nay, that forcibly impels me to make this forecast assertion. The revolution of feeling has commenced, and, in a comparatively short time, its effect in India will be felt throughout the universe, and, instead of possessing several hundreds of millions of ambitionless human beings in the Empire, the world will have an animated land, straining every nerve to improve herself, and sisters. Once thoroughly aroused from her condition of suspended animation, this will surely be the result, as sure as there is a sky above us.

"I have spoken of the material India has, that will yet elevate her. It is quite natural that you should desire to know clearly, and concisely, what this material is. Well, she has a very productive, fertile soil, bound to yield lucratively both in abundance and quality. But most important of all, she has a number of progressive, educated sons, who desire to see the work of elevation go onward, and forward. They are the ones that exemplify what her people might be with every

facility for education. I am proud to say, that these Brahmins are the equals of the enlightened people of the outer world.

"This may seem ridiculous to those who have never been in the land, or who have read the accounts of unreliable writers, but it is not so. Every Brahmin of standing, even if he does not have the polish of an European course of education, writes and converses in from three to nine or more languages, and understands our sacred writing Sanskrit, the father of all tongues, thoroughly. The last is an all-important part of a Brahmin's education, for the Vedas, and other theological books are in Sanskrit, and as they set forth the Brahmin doctrines, and laws, and as the Brahmin is of the sacerdotal caste, the highest caste, he must be learned in all the precepts his religion expounds.

"This is not bigotry, because in learning the precepts of Manus, the law-giver of Brahmanism, and studying other religious works, the student has to acquaint himself with many sciences, especially philosophy. This brings in one of the most rare sciences, which you, as a people, are deficient in.

"Philosophy is the foundation of Brahminism; our arguments are from the standpoint of the philosopher and humanitarian, consequently, all Brahmins are, to a more or less extent, philosophers. The Hindoo race has been and really is, too philosophic for its own good, for this same innate doctrine forces it to bear burdens none but a philosophic people would endure.

"At present, India needs time before she can rise from the chaos, that has enveloped her in some guise, continually, for the spirit of progression in numbers of her children must shape a destiny far above her condition at this hour. The sample of the progressive spirit of the Hindoos is shown in their vigor in erecting edifices of learning, in simulation of the peoples of the West. We have colleges, and schools of the highest order, encompassing the highest branches of learning, established in the large cities, and common schools are scattered over the land. The higher institutions only take in a small radius to-day, but they are bound to extend.

"The Indian potentates, and the Hindoos, of large and small means, have assisted to the best of their ability the furtherance of the grand enterprise of extended education. The Hindoo colleges and schools are conducted on the most approved continental system, by most able native faculties, who carry the rising generation on to the acme of learning. The fees for the courses, in comparison with those demanded by the government and missionary colleges, are much less, being within the reach of those of slim incomes, while students highly versed in the elementary branches are proffered free scolarships, as a suitable reward for merit.

"The minds of the students of these homes of learning, are not only enriched by digging in abstruse sciences under erudite professors, but their eyes are widely opened to the retrogradation of their land, and they imbibe through the printed page, the liberal ideas of the nations afar.

"In supporting the negative side of the question, whether India is backward in every point, I have had the honor and opportunity to raise my voice in her defense. I only hope I have rendered her cause some aid, and I feel that I have. I know her faults from practical, actual contact with her people, but I know her virtues just as well. I have shut my eyes to neither one nor the other, and have always endeavored to assist in rectifying the first, and sustaining, defending and improving the latter. The mind of this age is, I reiterate, satiated with groundlessly base and shallow stories of India, that have not a semblance of truth in them. They have been put afloat by bombastic scribblers, mistermed 'Eastern Savants,' who either have the presumption to criticise a land and people they are unacquainted with, or hash up their masses of vituperations, and aspersions, because it is to their interest to do so. If India is to be viewed from an invulnerably skeptical standpoint, with a meager sprinkling of unprejudiced critics, it makes it a sheer necessity that she find her main defenders among her own.

"That India has her lackings, and her degenerations, I would not foolhardily deny, but her atrocious decryers skip over her vast good, and enlarge upon the bad, that is mostly the product of alien force, trickery, and tampering. Those blessings she has are microscoped instead of being extolled, and the backsliding and unrighteousness is seldom fairly dwelt upon in cause or remedy.

"Without a verbose discourse on the matter of remedy (I have spoken at length of the cause), I would say that, to put on foot, and attempt to sustain a full-fledged radical reform movement would be to deal your object a death blow, and its originators and sustainers could not hope to start another, no matter how ameliorated or lessened in radicalism, with any show of triumphant success. They would be irretrievably tabooed by the orthodox forces. The sensible Brahmins, ardent in their desire for social improvements and religious revisions, have realized this, and have judiciously and rationally withheld their unbounding zeal, though working quietly and effectually for the highest inculcations, thus founding a right to be recognized as possessors of your Job's great attribute—patience.

CHAT IV.

"Your Biblical advocates, in India, have not masticated the subject, have rushed headlong into an abortive crusade against all the teachings and practices of the Hindoos, overlooking the predominating beauties it holds, and have thus demolished whatever chance they might have of small success, and causing all elements to reciprocate the bitter feeling in speech, and writing, they have improvised as their almighty weapon of persuasive warfare.

"The Brahmins were at first attracted to your religious belief to the degree of sounding, examining and respectfully discussing it, which is a great margin more than your religious advocates have done with ours. But when the Brahmins saw the thoughtless, hostile follies your advocates committed, they shrank back and as the obnoxious methods of traduction, on the part of these advocates continued and multiplied, the animostiy of the Hindoos was aroused in the most antagonistic form, as they rallied to the defense of the faith of their fathers.

"The liberal-minded Brahmins have always thought the employment of brainy argument, witty repartee if you will, correct, but for religious traduction, there has been but one word never! With the arguing pen and voice, the Brahmins would have stepped forth to welcome the Biblical advocates, but their opponents, introducing slander, they have excluded them from their presence and attention as honorable disputants.

"Although many of the Brahmins have picked up the retaliatory method of abuse, we of any broad-mindedness, have not descended to the degradation of defaming or attempting to belittle the Bible, which you hold to be divinely inspired. To the contrary we, of discernment, admire its excellent doctrines and propounded wisdom, and consider you fortunate to have such a regulator of life; yet, with pardonable secular esteem, we are firmly and as unshakenly impressed with the greatness, wiseness and appropriateness of our beloved Vedas.

"The Brahmins, of advanced thought, are convinced that the faults of the Hindoo race lie in its quixotic customs that have become confounded and admixed with its religion, and have shaped themselves into religious superstition. With these thoughts uppermost in their minds, the erroneous principles must be abolished! The patient, quiet process of renovation is leagues ahead of noisy, clamorous scrambling

for newness, that mostly ends vaporally. Conditions and circumstances must be accounted in all such efforts, to force modern ideas ahead, on one and all, is similar to forcing a child to too much study, cramming is the school parlance, I believe. The opposition to all advanced ideas is very strong among the ignorant and bigoted classes (we have them the same as you, and a great many more in proportion). The persistent lilliputian progressionists will win, by showing the stolid opposition where they are in error, and the corrective for their mistakes. Thus we will pass out of the yoke, that has been reposing heavily on our necks, led by the advancers with their reactionary principles. But time must elapse ere this.

"I would say, in conclusion, that temperate conservatism is positively progressive, much more so than unthinking rushes forward, but that hermitism is of an entirely opposite nature. We have the two spirits in India, and therein lays the problem of modernizing the land. The complete adjustment of India's curses and healing of her wounds, which are no longer gaping as they have been in various ages, is assigned to her not far distant generations, while the future millions are yet unborn, the advanced Brahmins of the times, and their immediate progeny are, and will be laboring on the advanced highway, so as to bequeath their lineal descendants some fragments of the advanced methods and truths, and at the same time be taming the opposition of the internal dissenters into a demulcent spirit.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

These fragmentary writings, evidently the labor of his leisure from High School studies, are inserted to indicate the industry of the lad in his determined purpose of a future vocation, rather than for any literary merit they possess. Still they add to the purpose of the publication as noting his perseverance and method.

LETTERS FROM A PRODIGAL ABROAD.

A fellow gets enough advice to drive him "plum wild an' 'stracted" these days. Every old crank he meets has three or four great big "gobs" of advice to offer him, and usually they are left over stock nearly as useful as advice from me upon how to get rich would be.

If you see a fellow who couldn't swim his own length, very busy talking on the beach, you make your mind up that he has a victim whom he is advising upon "that beautiful art, sir, swimming! A glorious recreation, sir." And as it goes, "I'll bet dollars to doughnuts," your dad has been instructed by half the amateurs and barnstormers he knows, in regards to the most effective manner of eating leeks (onions) and playing "the squire." Ask him.

I didn't know you had a lawsuit on hand of late years. What was it? Tell me something of it next time. Glad the old man won it, though. Tell him to stay on Easy street this time, and rent out the old place on Hardtack alley. That is too close to Broke avenue to be really comfortable. Oh, lordy! I've been all along there.

Did you ever sleep at Mrs. Greensward's Hotel? I have. You pull the sky over you for cover, and use the stars for a lamp; use the north and south poles for bed posts, and an early morning shower for an alarm clock. It is fun, but too much of it is tedious.

* * *

ONE OF LIFE'S CHARACTERS.

The other day I was going down Broad Street when I espied a gaunt, old man, who was quite over-bent with age. His narrow, bewrinkled face possessed but one prominent feature, a thin, elongated, crooked nose;—his small sunken, gray eyes could be dimly discerned

through the haze of his shaggy eyebrows, yet, both they and the yellow parchment skin seemed only a background to the nose. His hoary locks fell over his shoulders, being in strong contrast with his well-worn, black suit. As he limped along with the aid of his faithful, sturdy, hickory cane, one might imagine him a rare relic of the ante-deluvian period, preserved for our benefit.

* * *

A SUDDEN SHOWER ON THE STREET.

See, there runs a newsboy, drenched by the downpour, but loudly and persistently crying "Extra!" There is an unfortunate Italian, standing wearily by his fruit cart under a leaky shed, with his coat buttoned up and presenting a most miserable appearance in general. Hither and thither flit the pedestrians, sprinting for shelter. The carts rush madly along in desperate attempts to reach their destinations. Indeed the burst of rain has caused havoc throughout the thoroughfare.

* * *

THAT PROSPECTIVE CITY COLLEGE.

Across Broad Street from either the front of the Main Building, or the Annex, one may see a great structure which every student of the Central High School considers one of the Seven Wonders of the World. When this edifice will be completed, is the Chinese walled puzzle of the anxious Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Fresh. Will it be finished in eighteen hundred and ninety six or a few centuries later, when our great-great-grandsons' great-great-grandsons are ready to enjoy its many comforts?

* * *

GRAND OLD BROAD STREET.

If the 'buses are forced off Broad Street and the trolley cars substituted, I would consider it a most unfortunate exchange. The street is now—as its name implies—broad and also clear. With disfiguring trolley-tracks on its breast, it must be accordingly marred in beauty, filled with the whiz and rumble of trolley wires and wheels, as well as being additionally dangerous for the pedestrian. For the sake of the beautiful street and the great number of people who traverse it, I hope the old 'bus remains supreme!

AN INVOLUNTARY CLIFF ROLL.

Astoria, is a little city at the mouth of the historic Columbia River, which flows by the City of Portland (this is an error, Portland is situated on the Williammette River, an affluent of the Columbia), the main centre of Oregon, and one of the principal points on the Pacific Slope. Astoria, is the port of Portland, and consequently allied in fortune with the larger City.

The small city—named after the renowned John Jacob Astor—is built mostly on piles, with numberless hills for a background. The climbing and descending of these hills is a favorite pastime of the young Astorians, and I often joined them in their rather exciting ascents and descents. The descent I have in mind was by far the most perilous of all my "hill adventures" and one of the most dangerous events of my brief existence of fifteen years.

It may seem a Munchausen story of high degree to the reader, but I can well vouch for it, as can some of the inhabitants of the place.

During a visit to Astoria, I had met a spiritualist—a lady who dealt with the departed. (?) As I was then but eleven years of age, such a personage filled me with deep awe. When one day my spiritualistic acquaintance asked me to accompany her on a visit to a friend, I was but too glad to acquiesce. We made our jaunt happily enough, but when we reached the friend's home, I was unceremoniously deserted by the "Doctor," the spiritualist, who tersely bid me good-bye, thereupon I marched for my hotel.

The home of the spiritualist's friend was upon one of the hills previously mentioned, so, in order to get back where I lived, a descent was necessary. Instead of going down the path my companion and I had ascended, I started off on my own hook to discover a new way to descend—and, I did! Rambling on among the trees, I found a path at last and decided to follow it up. Starting up a race pace, I forged ahead swingingly until of a sudden I reached a clump of trees and high, thick grass, which seemed to form a natural termination of the route. Yet I foolishly pushed forward into the grass. Crack—went some underlying twigs. Crunch—went the soft sod under me and in a jiffy I plunged forward—falling or rather sliding down a steep decline, little less than perpendicular. Down I had gone like a shot, till my feet striking a tuft of grass, I was thrown on my side and began rolling. Fortunately I had made no effort to stay my lightning-like roll, because of extreme fright. They say people think a deal when in such a predicament, but all I thought, as I rolled, bumped and bounded on was simply "I'm a goner!" The last I re-

member of this unlooked for and rapid descent was a bang against a knoll of earth, a bounce in the air, and then landing squarely on a spread of soft earth some feet below, which broke my fall and probably saved me from either serious injury or death.

People below who had seen me tumble, rushed forward and helped me up. I was carried into a house and manipulated. The breath had been metaphorically "knocked out of me." My eyes filled with dirt, and my body slightly bruised, but no bones were broken and strange to say my clothes not torn, due to the fact that they were of extra strong material (the uniform of the Cadets at the Bishop Scott Academy of Portland, Oregon.)

The dirt was fished out of my eyes, I was given a dose of strong whiskey and ingloriously carted home in a carriage, by a gentleman. When I reached home my parents were out, so I quickly got to bed, being soon after taken with a vomiting spell, in the midst of which, with two ladies by my bedside, mother and "Pop" arrived. I had gathered and eaten blackberries, and to allay the intense alarm of my mother at the apparent hemorrhage I forced myself to sputter forth "B-l-l-ck-berries."

Next morning as I was all right, except for a little soreness, I explained to my parents that I had fallen fifteen feet. Later in the day Mr. Olsen, as Auctioneer and a friend of "Pop's" met him and spoke of my terrible fall. Father said "Yes, a fall of fifteen feet is bad." "Fifteen feet!" thundered Mr. Olsen in exclamation. "Mr. Jack," said he, regaining his composure, "I want you to come along with me right now, and see where your son had his tumble." They reached the spot as I was showing the place to my mother. My parents were horrified at the sight. The path I had made from the high grass and tree was plainly visible down the almost vertical side of the hill. My clothes must have adhered to the clay soil, the clinging of which had stayed the velocity of my descent. They estimated that I slid between sixty and seventy feet when my feet striking a bunch of grass where the hill spread out about forty-five feet toward the road, with a fall of some dozen feet or more. The collision with the grass must have pitched me forward and on my side, and I continued rolling till I came to the edge, when I had a further fall of some eight feet, landing on an encrusted surface formed by the silt that years of rain and storm had washed to the bottom. My head, by a few inches escaped hitting an upright hitching post and I landed between the fore and hind wheels of an old cart that had stood there for several years after being discarded as useless. My body in rolling, after striking the tuft of grass, had followed a course made by the rains and thus

avoided a large rock that I might have hit, and, in landing, had I swerved a little either to the right or left, I would have struck the post or the wheels and death in unison. The entire fall and roll was about one hundred and twenty feet. The afternoon and next morning papers all had lengthy accounts of the fall of John Jack's son.

* * *

THE REAL BRUISER.

When I was in my twelfth year (I am fifteen now), I was a fervid follower of pugilism. Like many a boy who has read unrealistic but blood-curdling detective and other novels, I read everything in the papers concerning the fighters and the fights. I had even, to my mother's horror and my father's disgust, gathered together in a scrap book the pedigree of all the worthies of the ring, making annotations in pen and ink in ardent praise or censure of each knight of brawn and muscle. But the cure for my pugilistic mania was at hand and came in a mild way, though it left a forcible impression upon my brain. At the time which I write I resided in San Francisco, California. We lived on the European plan, and I ate my meals at Manning's Restaurant, opposite Baldwin's Hotel. One evening, while seated at a table, stowing away everything that had been brought me for dinner, in came an immense, thick-set man, with a high hat, stand up collar, gaudy neck tie, large expanse of white shirt, with a large, coquettish diamond blinking under the brilliant lights of the place, stuck in it. His dress plainly showed his ilk—one of the "red hot sports." Walking behind this typical individual was a quiet, plainly and neatly dressed young fellow, who showed more of politeness than his companion, by reason of the circumstance that he had taken off his hat as soon as he had entered. The man with the "stove pipe" now took off that piece of headwear and put it on the rack, at the same time shaking his beringed hand to cause a full scintillation of the precious stones set in them. To cause more attention and add to his importance(?) he uttered an unnecessary and hoarse series of grunting coughs. His silent companion quietly put his hat on the rack and they sat down at my table.

I had forgotten food by this time, eating mechanically and watching these two individuals with interest.

The owner of the "plug hat" now opened up a loud conversation with two sporty young fellows at an adjoining table, a boisterous chat on the merits of prominent race-horses, and the day's race was the theme, the quiet little man maintaining silence throughout. At

last to my great delight, their cross-table conversation drifted to fistiana, and I was all attention as they discussed foremost pugilists of the day. The talk of the trio was full of slang, and seemed to annoy other patrons of the place, but they kept it up, although their voices dropped to a lower pitch as they proceeded. Local pugilism was next on the tapis, and as they reached the subject of a prospective contest between Tommy White and some negro boxer, I was "warmed up" so to speak.

"Who do yer t'ink 's goin' ter win?" inquired the flashily dressed individual, in a tough voice. Before the inquirer could be answered by either of the other two speakers, I unconsciously said, "Tommy White, you bet." Immediately the attention of all was turned on me, and I felt quite abashed for so volunteering a reply to the principal spokesman, who now gazed at me with a surprised look.

"Why do yer t'ink White's goin' ter win, Kid?" he quizzed with a searching look. "'Cause I do," I answered, in a scared tone and with a frightened look, causing all to laugh, even the quiet young man who heretofore appeared listless.

"Dat's no reason," laughingly and semi-scornfully vouchsafed the big be-jeweled sport.

"Well, I'll tell you why I think Tommy must win," I spoke with a show of confidence now. "You know Tommy White lammed the stuffin' out of Billy Murphy, and though I backed Murphy, that made me a supporter of White then and there. I tell you, he can't lose, he's Champion in his class." That sport's face was a study of mingled surprise and incredulousness.

As soon as the "big 'un" could catch his breath he started in: "Look-a-here, Kid, what do yer know about the pugs?" "Why, I've been a follower of the ring for a dog's age," I stoutly asserted. This knocked them off their pins of dignity, and they roared, as did the surrounding patrons. "Dat settles it," chokingly said my sport interrogator, in the midst of a spasm of laughter. There was a few seconds' pause, as the laughing and chuckling subsided, and then, as if a thought had crashed through his cranium, he bawled out as everyone pricked up their ears: "Say, kin Tommy White lick Dal Hawkins?" "Yes, you bet your gold watch and chain, he can smother him," I said emphatically, gazing at his monstrous dangling chain that shook on his rotund abdomen as he writhed in his chair in laughter, chorused by the surrounders.

"De Kid's dead game," he asserted to his sporting chums, and then, as if by sudden inspiration, he wheeled around, grabbed his quiet companion by the shoulders, and said in a sonorous voice: "This,

Kid, is Mr. Tommy White." My arm shot out like a piston rod of an engine, and my little hand grabbed the palm of "Mr. White's."

Note! ———————— about limited contests. "Want to see th' claret" and my soliloquy on brutality of fighting, and that the "sport" was the real bruiser.

His story, like his young life, is broken off, but from his note it is evident that he intended to conclude it. From his account at the time I recall that "Tommy White" continued the talk with him, calling out his impressions of the "fighters" in general, his sporty friend becoming impatient, tried to hurry him off, but White said, "No, I want to talk to this young lad. I've heard all your 'smart Alecks,' who know all about it, but I tell you this Kid has a better knowledge of the merits of the boys than the whole lot of 'em put together." The community at this time was excited by the killing of a poor waiter in a scrap at one of the Athletic Clubs, so White asked the boy his opinion upon the effect it would have on boxing in general, who said he thought it would tend to stop brutality, but that the sport should be continued, the points in the match being regarded as the object to be aimed at, at which the sporty gent remarked: "Ah, I wouldn't give schucks for a fight if I couldn't see the claret."

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THE C. H. S. BLOWERS CLUB.*

(By Arthur Firmin Jack.)

I. "Ala Vacash."
II. Serious Discussion of a Model Educational Course.
III. The Safety of the Safety.
IV. On the Heels of Momentous Questions.
V. A Chat on the C. H. Srs' Sports.
The Philosophical Member.
The Blockhead Member.
The Munchausen Member.
The Cynical Member.
The Aristocratic Member.
The Poetical Member.
The Linguistic Member.
The Jovial Member.

* Two chapters only are herewith reproduced.—Compiler.

BRIEF PREFACE.

We use no names, we leave the reader to recognize.

I.

"Ala Vacash."

"Buttons! But-tut-tut-tut-tons, I sa-a-a-y!" roared the Verbose member, for that unfortunate delinquent personage, who was in some extreme of the building, the Verbose member, who had just quietly entered (with the aid of his precious latch key), and had so disturbed the peace, stopped for breath. Before he could repeat the heinous offense, he was faced by the quaking black. "Here I is, sah," says "Buttons," with a scared grin. "What does yo' desire, sah?"

"Take off my coat, sir, this instant," gruffly says the individual addressed. Buttons quietly relieves him of his hat and coat, brushes him off, and then stiffens up in an erect posture, like a statue. The Verbose member hands Buttons a quarter, which occasions a thankful roll of the said Buttons' eyes, as he silently and quickly pockets it. Then the irritated donor marches into the club room.

As the newcomer enters, all the members in conclave abruptly break off conversation, stiffen into "military form" and quietly and solemnly recognize him. One might imagine from this grave salutation that the individual was either of importance or that he was cordially disliked in the true sense of the phrase. The fact is, an intermingling of both feelings occasioned it. The Verbose member crosses over to two gentlemen, whose eyes light up as if they expected him to join them.

"Well, well, how are you," asks one, extending his hand. "Splendid! Never felt better in my life. How's yourself?" says the Verbose member, shaking hands.

A brief introduction to the second party follows, and then an animated chat commences, which is concluded by the Verbose member looking at his watch and ejaculating: "Gentlemen, we are three minutes late by my trustworthy timepiece!"

Hereupon all the gentlemen in the room fumble for their "trustworthy timepieces," (ranging from Waterburys up), and give them a second of close scrutiny.

"You are two minutes fast, sir, by your trustworthy timepiece," says the ironical voice of a tall, raw-boned individual.

"One minute and a half," chips in a dwarfed personage, with excited emphasis. "One minute and a quarter!" "A minute!" and various other announcements of the correct (?) time came from the

various gentlemen assembled. "Sirs!" roars the Verbose member, in hot indignation, "I would have you understand that my watch is an old revered family heirloom, that has never been known to fail! Never! Never!"

"Well, it is known to fail for once now," replied the Cynical member, who has caused this upheaval of indignation, by first declaring the watch fast.

"My clock—I mean watch— sir, was set by the Independence Hall Clock an hour and a quarter ago, sir," vouchsafes the Verbose member.

"I don't give a continental; your clock is absolutely wrong. My watch is not an old-fashioned, worn out family relic, but a capital Swiss one, sir," returns the Cynical member, with vigor. "Mine, sir," fires back the Verbose member, "is a good, practical, easy-going American made watch, sir; not a new-fangled foreign idea. A lottery! A quack product! A———'

"Oh, we know your timepiece is a paragon, sir, do not extoll it, nor decry mine, I pray," breaks in the Cynical member, with irritating coldness. The Verbose member checks his reply and sets to work (with the aid of his two companions) to smooth out his ruffled feathers, while the Cynical member starts up a quiet discussion of the merits of a good watch with his more congenial friends. All watches having been fumbled back into their respective pockets, everyone soon relapses into groups, chatting—suddenly, however, a member recollects that this is an improper procedure and emphatically inquires: "Gentlemen, we are now ten minutes behind time. Are we going to have our social meeting this evening, or not?"

"Certainly! Oh, most assuredly," comes from all quarters of the room, as a refumbling for watches, to re-ascertain the mooted time, is made. But a general anxiety to "Come to order" deters all from discussing this subject, which everyone feels must cause another thunderclap, hurt more feelings, and cause more hearty ill-will, yet, everyone has his private opinion, which is muttered in solo, for personal satisfaction.

"Gentlemen, let us pull up our chairs to form a circle and converse," proposed the Aristocratic member, suiting the action to the word by drawing out his chair.

"Yes," agreed the Philosophic member with the rest, "I don't believe in spiritualism, or any ism for that matter, but there is nothing so convivial as a spiritually happy-go-lucky circle."

A general approval of "that's so," and so forth, is elicited by this as each member assists in quickly forming a broken circle.

"Now this is not a geometrically correct circle, gentlemen; the

circumference is away out, but we are all together, and I suppose have a loquacious quantity of eloquence ready to tap for general discussion and debate," rightly surmises the Jovial member.

"Exactly so," says everyone, and the Jovial member is happy. Well, gentlemen, this is the first meeting of the season. How have the members made out during their extended vacation?" inquires the Philosophical member. There is a chorus of mingled emphatic replies of "Immensely," "Excellently," "Tremendously!" But, the deep voice of the Aristocratic member rises above the rest and gains the ascendency.

"Ah, I spent all my time abroad this year, my dear fellows. Beautiful country—beautiful country. Unless you've been abroad you don't know what it's like, don't you know."

"I suppose so," remarks the Cynical member. "You imbibe so much there."

"Yes, indeed," reiterates the Aristocratic member. "Where can you find such a country as England, except in England itself? Why, when I speak of abroad, I always mean England. I never think of the excitable Frenchman, slow breathing Dutchman, or any of the rest, don't you know. I tell you there is no other place like it for eclat of character!"

"Well, no-ow" drawls the Blockhead member. "I only went to England once, but I think that our State of Jersey is a more pleasurable section of the world to visit any time of the year."

"Yes, but remember you have only been to England once, old chap, and I'll wager it was a short trip."

"I trotted out to the Pacific Coast," affirmed the Verbose member, bursting in upon the Aristocratic member, and silencing him. "Found the country sadly depleted of both Cow-boys and gold, especially gold. But the far West is there and prospering like it rains in Oregon, by inches."

"Now, I went on a jaunt down South," puts in the jovial member, cutting out his predecessor, who pauses for breath. "That is, I should say, through Florida. Found plenty of Colonels, whiskey, and darkies, and a fair supply of beautiful scenery. Florida is the State to go to for health, especially if you've got a blood disease, for there's so many 'skeeters that you're soon bloodless. It beats Jersey all hollow, and who won't vouch for Jersey? The invalids seem to appreciate this and flock there. Why, I considered myself a perfect Sandow all through the Summer. In many instances I was the only guest in the Hotel who could talk, walk, eat and sleep without assistance!"

"Well, I went up into New England," says the Munchausen mem-

ber. "An excellent section. In Boston, what one man don't know the next man does, and more, too. I wore three pairs of gold rimmed spectacles during my stay in the city. My optician bills ranged up in the hundreds, and I went through three libraries daily to let 'em see that one doesn't have to be a Bostonian to be a student."

There was a solemn pause, an unanimous sigh of doubt and then the poetic member rushed to the rescue.

"I went up to the Catskills, struck sublime scenery, the kind that lifts one to a planet of contentment, but my boarding house proved so bad on the score of bodily sustenance and rest, that, though my soul was enraptured, my poor stomach was placed in a state of chronic indigestion. For the preservation of my physique and mind, I was forced to forsake the heavenly surroundings and make a speedy return trip home to place myself under the care of our family physician."

"Too—too—too bad," tentatively sympathized the Linguistic member. "I went to Paris, and had a jolly time, that is—that is—I had a bon voyage and a happy time studying old French under some able native masters."

"Studying old French, under old Frenchmen, eh?" abruptly says the cynical member, much to the linguistic member's annoyance. "Old French! The idea of studying such mummified nonsense! The fact that some language-munching old fossils have succeeded in raking up and perpetuating worn out, exhausted Greek and Latin, and have put them on your shoulders should, I think, satisfy you without instilling a burning desire in your noddle to plunge into dead and gone French."

"Sir," says the Linguistic member with supreme contempt, "you are not a scholar. For the sake of your reputation you had better hold your peace."

"Well," icily replies the cynical member, "I only gave you a piece of my mind."

The linguistic member muttered "the ignoramus," but the philosophical member lulled this dangerous side-tracked debate by quickly breaking in: "Nearly all of you have been somewhere or another, I suppose, but I have continued a resident of this city of Brotherly Love, and though I broiled and frizzled to perfection under the rays of old Sol, I'm satisfied I've had a vacation.

II.

Serious Discussion of a Model Educational Course.*

"Gentlemen," starts up the aristocratic member, "vacation is over,' has been handled as a topic of the evening, so, for a change, I'd like to ask the assemblage their views on an exemplary educational course, one that any college or student might be proud to boast of."

This sudden change caused a perceptible flutter, but the eloquence of the member had been tapped, and was now commencing to flow in a flooding stream, that drowned all opposition.

"Well, sirs," said the linguistic member, setting the ball a-rolling, "I consider that the first thing to be treated—if we were writing a book, or essay, on the subject—would be the etymology of the word education. Education, sirs, is derived from the word educatio; the French education; the Italian educazione; and the Spanish, educacion; it is a common noun (who can doubt it), and applied to the common and higher culture of the common and higher people."

A quiet "Whew!" burst from the lips of nearly all, as this dignified definition is brought to an end with the utmost pomposity.

"That is all right," runs in the cynical member, but as we are not writing a book or an essay on the subject, and not on a philological point at all, I think we can well dispense with all your bulky, useless gibberish on the derivation of a word that only concerns us in effect, and not meaning. Who cares for education? I—I mean the etymology of the word—I don't. No one but an inquiring bookworm does, and the practical business man is so glad that he has got, and is using his education that he hasn't either the time or desire to go dictionary hunting."

"That's so," springs in the blockhead, "I always liked quail or grouse hunting much better than dictionary hunting."

The linguistic member mumbled "a pair of fools," bit his lip, and kept silent.

"Well, I've got some views on education—not stereopticon views, either," commenced the jovial member. "I believe everyone ought to be educated, perfectly educated, that is, one ought to have so much education, and no more or less."

"Ah, but you are forgetting the important physiological fact, that no man is equal to another mentally or physically."

"This is established by the medical fraternity," interrupted the philosophical member. "You know the old trite aphorism—'one man's meat is another man's poison.'"

*Author's Note.—May change this to "A Serious Discussion of Education".

"Well, I may be forgetting the physiological fact, but I have stated what I would like to see true," continued the jovial member. "I must confess, however, that your poisoned meat adage comes in opportunely. But you must remember that orators as well as lawyers can stretch points."

"Stretch is a very appropriate word," remarks the aristocratic member, rubbing his hands. "If you had used a lighter calibered word, you would have failed to have expressed the thought—if you had used a harsher one, you would have been an offender against the laws of society. Your use of this word stretch, I consider a part of education, and higher education, too. You have simply placed the identically necessary part of speech in the identically necessary place."

Seeing that the Aristocratic member had finished with his bagpipe, the Cynical member dropped into the discussion again. "Yes, you identified yourself with the word stretch, but English is not the only study to be upheld. Every study is important, and the one you can master the least is the most important. You are at the Alumni, but when you trot out on the Globe, the one you can best use and have most command over, is the one you want. I say study what is needed, what you can, and what you will. I can't guarantee that you are educated even then, but you've studied, and that is a satisfaction in itself. It's the study's fault if in such a case you cannot comprehend it," and the Cynical member, stopped with an emphasis, showing too plainly that he considered all that could be aptly said upon the subject had been said.

But the discussion was not to be dropped, for now the Verbose member opens up with his batteries. "Sirs, this subject is not to be passed over so lightly. We have comparatively little time to devote to the question, but let us devote what time we have. Sirs, this is a grand, superb, magnificent matter to pass judgment upon. What is education? My—dear—sirs, it is—the—indoctrination—of—the—the—the angelic thoughts of the theologian, the practicability of the—the—the instruction, and the general—mark me—general breeding of a gentleman, in toto. I could say more, but this must suffice. I admonish you to wrestle with your Greek, Latin, Physics, Ethics and all; overthrow them, conquer them." The Verbose member put a lid over his vocal chords, to the immense satisfaction of every member. Everyone began to breathe freely once more, but none seemed willing (let alone anxious) to continue in the trend, and the Blockhead member mumbled something about being a "poor wrestler," and that was the finis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of the Mirror:

Dear Sir:—Thanking you most heartily for the publication of my first contribution to the "Mirror's" columns, I enclose a second—and I trust not the last—set of puzzles for the current month, which I hope you will find worthy of space. As they are personal, I hope you will exercise your discretion before allowing them to appear in print. That is, you may find they contain certain petty witticisms, but do not allow that fact to prevent your eliminating, or absolutely striking out, any, or all of them, if you consider that they may injure in some respect the personal feelings of the esteemed gentlemen referred to.

By their non-appearance in your paper, I shall know that I have acted too bluntly and that you have simply brought down the axe of censorship.

If this prove to be the case, I will be more cautious, and try to summon more discretion to my aid the next time I communicate with you.

Respectfully yours,
ART. JACK.

Why is Dr. Lightfoot's name in antithesis to his tread?

Who is the Professor that is getting off so many "Brandt" new sayings?

Why is Fessa (whom the Fresh think a great deal of) called a "riptail Rorer?"

Why does the President of the "Annexed Fresh" give his men (they are nominally such) so much work "Bartine" sessions?

What is the connection between the "Miller of the Dee" (Prof. Mensa) and a "lively cricket?"

Supposing that all of the faculty are good church-goers, who is the most "Christine" member on the point of class strictness?

Why does Playwright, Bookwright, Albright Professor Lacy, persist so "earnestly" in lacing up the La (z or c) boys?

Does a certain much-liked professor of this institution know that a certain student was nearly "hided" by us for impudently affirming that he (the said student) had never heard a "Snyder lecture" than the one delivered on a certain Thursday?

The following simple scraps of poetry were found among his effects, and as they express the tendency of his thoughts, are included in this memorial.

THE DIVINE POET.

(From the Boston Pilot.)

Whatever lacks purpose is evil, a pool without pebbles breeds slime;
Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of time;
Nor ever came good without labor, in toil, or in science, or art;
It must be wrought out through the muscles, born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plough in the stubble with ploughshares, why winnow the chaff from the grain?
Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since truth is not born without pain!
He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak or the foolish in deeds;
Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirlwinds to nought,
So the song without truth is forgotten; His poem is man to man's thought.
Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness woven, soul-pure,
Is known to the Master of Singers. He toucheth it, saying "Endure!"

* * *

HEAVEN BY LITTLE.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder, by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true!
That a noble deed is a step towards God.
Lifting the soul, from the common sod,
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

This poem he recited with good effect before his Class on the Wednesday preceding his death.

* * *

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a Sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;—
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an Angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that Angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's Command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;—
Its Heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives, that Angel's vision.

* * *

On the day before, he was at his cousins' and for them recited the verses. After he had finished, the cousin asked him, "If, when he had finished his schooling he intended to follow his father's profession" (an actor). Without discussing the matter, he replied, "I don't know, but I have only one aim in life now, and I shall have it till I accomplish it, and that is, to provide a plain little home for my Mama and Papa." And it was this laudable ambition, this prompting of a filial love, that urged on his efforts to fit himself for work that might provide an income. And to do this, he knew that labor was necessary, also, that as intelligence was the most effective, his work and his energy was such that he would seek and "find where truth be hid, though it were hid indeed within the center." It was this impulse to verify a silly tale that led him to his desperate end.

* * *

A FRAGMENT.

One evening, filled with heavy care,
Reclining deeply in the Ancestral chair,
That'd fought so sturdily the grim foe, wear,
My thoughts redrifted to days past by,
And a vision came unto my drooping eye
That caused me a regretful, painful sigh.

'Twas not a spectre of voluptuous delight,
Nor a revolting, vile phantom of the night,
But a face ever dear to my young sight.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN

PHILADELPHIA AND PORTLAND,
OREGON,

TOGETHER WITH

NEWSPAPER TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF

ARTHUR FIRMIN JACK

ALSO THE STORY OF THE ACCIDENT AND EXTRACTS
FROM LETTERS WRITTEN SHORTLY
BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jack regret that there is an absence from this, their memorial tribute to their beloved son, a full transcript of the entire proceedings of the memorial services in homage to his memory, held at the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia, by the kindness of Mr. Frank Howe, manager, on Sunday afternoon, 2.30 p. m., March 29th, 1896. The following day, March 30th, would have been the sixteenth anniversary of his birth. Rev. C. Lockwood Fulforth, of the Messiah Church, East Huntington and Thompson streets, opened the exercises in prayer, followed by Dumont's Minstrels, from the Eleventh Street Opera House. A double quartette, or, more properly speaking, a septette—seven voices (names chronicled elsewhere), who rendered "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Rock of Ages" in impressive and truly sublime harmony.

Prof. Charles A. Herrick, of the faculty of the Central High School staff, expressed in choice terms the characteristics of the youth, and the respect he was held in by all the members of the faculty with whom he had come in contact, having won their esteem by his manly qualities, happy, joyous nature, and devotion to his studies. His popularity with the students with whom he associated was very pronounced, and had become deep rooted in the brief time he had been among them, and they all deplored his loss.

Mrs. K. G. Bressnau's soprano solo, "Holy City," was exquisitely rendered, also "The Palms." Dr. Andrew Macfarlane, Principal of the Northeast Grammar School, who held to his young life the position of friend, as well as teacher, and who assisted him in his studies even out of school hours, and who was with him the night before his death, paid him, in his address, a pathetic tribute, recounting personal recollections from their very first meeting.

The father, Mr. John Jack, read extracts from his works, and spoke feelingly of the disaster, and condemned in fitting terms the heartlessness displayed by the custodian of the Betz building, in their charges of personal responsibility on the part of his son for the calamity. Arthur Henry and Dr. Fulton's addresses follow.

1744 Passyunk Avenue, Philadelphia, April 7th, 1896.

Dear Captain Jack:—

In compliance with your request, I herewith send you a copy of the address which I made on the occasion of the memorial services, in homage to the memory of your loving and beloved son, and my dear friend, Arthur Firmin Jack.

Allow me again to say that every word therein is most sincere, and my true conviction.

By a singular coincidence, there were three of us, each of whose

first names was Arthur: Arthur Jack, Arthur James, and myself. We three were elected officers of our class; and again, singularly enough, we three of the whole class, were very much of one mind, in reference to object in life, aspirations, and ambitions. We held to a sort of compact, to insure diligence and good discipline in our class at school; to discountenance and prevent, as far as possible, any "freshness," or "Jack Harkaway-isms." Thus it was that we consulted together, and that I had the opportunity of learning and appreciating his merit.

I would now beg you to comply with a request I make; that, if you can, you will kindly send me a photograph of him whom we all loved.

With kind regards to Mrs. Jack and yourself, I am, sincerely yours,

ARTHUR HENRY.

ARTHUR HENRY'S ADDRESS.

Dear Friends and Classmates:—

As President of the class, of which he was a member and officer, at the Central High School, and because of the strong personal regard that had grown between us, I have been accorded the honor of addressing you on this sad occasion.

To-day would have completed, had not the inscrutable will of God otherwise ordained, the sixteenth year of the existence of one whom we all had learned to love, and in whose memory we are here assembled to-day, to speak in fondness of his many good qualities—qualities that, in a combined state and to such a degree, rarely exhibit themselves in one of his years.

Many of us, like myself, knew him but a short while, yet during that time our duties as class-officers brought us together frequently, and gave opportunities for observing and learning those good qualities of heart and mind which so endeared him to us. His courtesy and kindliness, his noble aspirations, his high ideals, his integrity, in declaring the right, and perseverance in doing it.

Whilst he was but a child in years, he was a sage in wisdom.

One would be surprised at the height, the breadth, the depth of his perceptions. He felt and knew there must be much far down below the surface, beyond the horizon, above the zenith, and he hungered to know what it was. He was never frivolous; always serious. As serious in play as in work; gleeful in his play; earnest and diligent in his work.

To him "time" was not "money," but the opportunity of fitting himself for a nobler purpose. Life, to him, was a mission, a duty to be performed—a beacon light to humanity.

Merlin (in Tennyson's Vivien) says: "Use gave me fame, and fame increasing, gave me further use." Thus was it with Arthur

Jack. This was the road which he mapped out to fame; and this his value of fame; that it make him further useful.

This occasion recalls to my mind lines "In Memoriam," which was written for a similar occasion, some seventeen years ago. The author, John Arthur Henry (now dead), was a student at the University of Pennsylvania. A classmate who, like our dear departed friend, was beloved by all who knew him; had just died after a very short illness during his summer vacation. The lines are so beautiful and so fitting to the present, that I fain would repeat them:

"From the far East he traveled his short day,
Rejoicing toward the sunset bound of life;
But darkness gathered round him on his way,
And by the roadside, hidden from the strife
And struggle of the onward pressing mass,
He slept the sleep of everlasting rest.
We in his path a loving spot shall pass,
Where lies in death our latest and our best.
Yet shall we grieve for him the surge
And struggle of the onward pressing years,
Shall memory refuse a fitting dirge,
Or truer tribute to its silent tears?
Yet selfish is the grief that mourns the dead.
Lost to the world, but gathered to his God,
His mounting spirit to its home hath fled;
And all his grossness mingled with the sod."

I have called this a sad occasion. It should, instead, be one of true joy; for, while we may sympathize with one another over our loss, let us remember that our loss is his gain; that while the beam of his smile no longer shines on us, he to his "home hath fled," and "selfish is the grief that mourns the dead."

Let us, then, in homage to that spirit, resolve to cherish and keep green his spot in the garden of our memory.

* * *

Dr. Fulton, President Emeritus of the Cooper Literary Institute, delivered a brief address at the memorial service of Arthur Firmin Jack, the brilliant young man whose promising career was ended so suddenly by his falling from the Betz Building. We have secured a copy of the address, and print it on another page. Our readers will agree with us that this is a master-piece in the line of literature, and adds another laurel to the many that adorn the Doctor's brow.—Philadelphia newspaper.

DR. FULTON'S SPEECH.

Memorial Services of the Late Arthur Firmin Jack.

FRIENDS AND SCHOOLMATES GATHER TO PAY HIM TRIBUTE — DR. T. CHALMERS FULTON'S TOUCHING SPEECH — THE WELL KNOWN ORATOR'S EULOGISTIC REMARKS.

It will be remembered this boy fell from the twelfth story of the Betz Building while taking a bird's-eye view of Philadelphia for the purpose of writing a school essay on the subject, "Tall Buildings," to be read at the Central High School, of which he was a student. He was the son of the distinguished actor, Captain John Jack, now leading man in Joseph Jefferson's company. His mother has been known on the stage as "Annie Firmin."

The following speech, a correct shorthand report, is published as a specimen of pure Addisonian English.

Ladies and Gentlemen: It becomes my melancholy duty to speak a word and take a brief retrospect of one cut off by the unsparing hand of fate in the bloom of youth. A bright lad whom it was my pleasure to know as a frequent visitor to the Cooper Literary Institute, of Philadelphia, of which his distinguished father is a member. A boy of magnificent physique, beauty of form and feature, polished and manly manners of address and grace of carriage, precocious far beyond his years, and promising to a degree that words would fail me to depict. In a few minutes' conversation with the youth, anyone of breeding, education or judgment would recognize a mind that it is not extravagance to denominate a prodigy of intellect. Alas, what a light has been extinguished!

The subjects which this beautiful mind considered were not the trifles of fiction or the gewgaws of boyish sport—the ball field, the boat race, or the fancies of pleasure. On the contrary, they dealt with questions deeply theological, moral, economic and mathematical. Indeed, some of the productions that this developing intellect evolved would do credit to authors of fame and years of practice in the art of journalism and research.

How sad it is that this great prospect is veiled forever, and that the comforts his dear parents contemplated as the light of their declining years have been torn from them in the twinkling of an eye and sunk into oblivion to rest there like a dream of childhood:

"Until the stone is rolled away and those that sleep shall rise again."

Our sympathies for the father and mother we cannot convey in

language, but we can say that it is a pride of honor to have been the parents of so noble a boy. God give them comfort!

His ambition, I learn, was to rise in the world, and with the conjoint efforts of his parents, to create a home where they could cease their professional itineracy, and in the seer and yellow leaf have the pleasure of a settled domicile. Think of this laudable ambition! Could aught but a far-reaching mind conceive so honorable a plan, the outgrowth of pure parental devotion?

Arthur Firmin Jack was a boy who impressed you, and the world has sustained a loss by the direful calamity that carried him into eternity.

Let us say, peace to his ashes, and in this Easter tide of budding flowers place a chaplet on his green grave and drop a tear to the memory of that brilliant mind and good name.

To you, his classmates of the High School, let me say your history is illumined by having in your rank and file a genius disguised by years. Foster his memory, and as you see with the eye of imagination his broken form lying cold and stiff within the charnal house, let your benediction be,

"May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

* * *

A memorial service for Arthur Firmin Jack, the High School student who was killed by a fall from the eleventh story of the Betz Building, in Philadelphia, last November, was held on the afternoon of March 29th, at the Walnut Street Theater. Had the boy lived until that day he would have celebrated his sixteenth birthday. The exercises commenced with a prayer by Rev. C. Lockwood Fulforth, which was followed by hymns sung by a double quartet from Dumont's Minstrels. An address on behalf of the faculty by Charles A. Herrick, of the Central High School staff, followed. Arthur J. Henry, a classmate, spoke on behalf of the class to which Arthur belonged. Andrew McFarland, principal of the Northeast Grammar School, and Dr. T. Chalmers Fulton, President Emeritus of the Cooper Literary Institute, each made an address. Mrs. K. G. Brennan rendered two solos, accompanied by Hermann D. Cotter, who acted as organist. Bro. John Jack, the lad's father, read letters to condolence from various lodges of the Order of Elks, which had been sent to him, and also read extracts from manuscripts which his son had written. He said, that in order to get a better view of the Mint, about which he was to

write an essay, the boy had taken his stand at the lofty window. Captain Jack said he made this statement to clearly disprove any suggestion of a possible suicide.—The Pacific Elk, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

PLUNGED TO AN AWFUL DEATH.

A Boy Falls from the Twelfth Floor of the Betz Building—Fearful Fate of an Actor's Son.

Arthur Firmin Jack, a High School Boy, and Youngest Son of Captain John Jack, Goes Up to the Twelfth Floor of the Betz Buiiding, and In Some Way Falls Out of a Rear Window—His Body, Whirling Through the Air, First Striking the Roof of the Mint, and is then Dashed to Pieces on the Stone Pavement Below — He was a Very Bright Boy, and there Seems to be No Motive for Suicide.

Arthur Firmin Jack, a tall and robust boy, not yet 16 years old, and the youngest son of Captain John Jack, the veteran actor, has been living in this city for the past seven weeks at Mrs. McCord's boarding house, 1335 Brandywine street, while his mother stopped at 406 Sixth avenue, in New York, and his father was playing on the road in Joseph Jefferson's company. He came here to attend the High School, and has been a diligent student there ever since it opened after the summer vacation.

At 8 o'clock yesterday morning young Jack ate breakfast and left his boarding house for the ostensible purpose of exchanging a book at the Philadelphia Public Library. He turned up at the Chestnut street entrance to the Betz Building a little before 10 o'clock and took an elevator to the twelfth floor. No one knew him, and the elevator conductor afterwards recalled him only by the fact that he wore his overcoat collar turned up high about his neck. Business was very brisk in the big office building about that time.

DROPPED 125 FEET TO DEATH.

The boy went straight into the lavatory on the rear of the twelfth floor and closed the door behind him. From this room a narrow window, five feet above the floor, looks down on the roof of the Mint and a paved courtyard twenty-four feet wide, which separates the Mint from the Betz and Girard buildings. This courtyard is 125 feet below the window, and the building rises straight up from it to a height which makes a man dizzy to look at.

Shortly after Jack went into the lavatory his body fell out of the window and shot forward and downward through the air with fearful velocity. He seemed to have jumped from the ledge, for he crossed the twenty-four feet separating the rear of the Betz Building from the Mint during the first eighty feet of his descent, and struck a window in the mansard roof, breaking the glass into a thousand pieces. Then the body rebounded and fell down into the courtyard with a noise that sounded like an explosion. During its flight it had turned round and round half a dozen times.

A hundred people were quickly attracted to the spot where the mangled remains lay, and blood flowed down the courtyard in a little stream almost to Chestnut street. The body had struck on its back and shoulders, and was crushed in so far that the arms were driven a long ways out of their sockets. Nearly every bone was fractured in one or more places and death must have been instantaneous.

NO MOTIVE FOR SUICIDE.

From papers found on the body it was speedily identified, and E. T. Swift, who resides at the Brandywine street house, came down to claim it. A wagon from J. Lewis Good's undertaking establishment removed it, and all signs of the tragedy were cleared away. William C. McKean, Jr., agent for the building; Superintendent Camp, and Deputy Wolf, of the Coroner's office, investigated the case, but they could learn nothing more than that the boy had gone up to the twelfth floor, and had in some way fallen down to his awful death.

Word was telegraphed to his father, who is playing at Buffalo, and to his mother. George Reed, of the Walnut Street Theater, brother of Roland Reed, the actor, is the boy's uncle, and his only relative at present in this city. Mr. Reed admitted young Jack to the theater on Friday night, and the boy seemed to be in the best of health and spirits. So far as is known, there was no possible reason for his killing himself, and Mr. Reed says he is sure that his sudden death was the result of an accident.

The boy's mother was Annie Firmin, at one time a well-known actress, and he was born in Paris. He was of quiet, studious habits, and was not given to going out much. He had no business, so far as is known, in the Betz Building, and had never been there before. The Coroner will hold an inquest next week.—Philadelphia newspaper clipping.

* * *

STORY OF THE ACCIDENT—TOLD BY THE FATHER.

The High School building being inadequate to accommodate the increase of school attendants, his and several other classes of the Freshmen occupied a building at Broad and Mt. Vernon Streets. The new High School building on the west side of Broad Street was growing in proportion, and of much interest to the scholars, particularly to those of the Annex.

One of the young Professors (Lacy, I think), conversing with Arthur about the new structure, surprised at the intelligence he displayed on the subject, suggested that he should prepare a school paper on Philadelphia, and some of her prominent buildings, saying it would be good practice, and he was sure he would do himself credit. The boy, proud of such encouragement, thanked him for the suggestion, and at once gave it his earnest attention. The evening before the disaster, at his home, he had an argument with a lad, the son of the family he lived with, about the height of the Betz Building, in the course of which the lad, whose father had been a former employee

in the U. S. Mint, which adjoins the Betz Building, spoke of what could be seen, looking from the Betz, through a window of the Mint, where, he said, you could see the working of the U. S. Mint as plainly as if you were in the Mint itself. No doubt this dwelt in Arthur's mind as a good point to see and realize, that it might be made a dramatic point in his description of the Betz, in his school paper. This information we get from a lady boarder who was present at the supper table during the talk between the father, son and Arthur.

Doubtless this was the object of his visit on that fateful morning; having to pass the building on his return from the library, he evidently entered it, and, ascending by the elevator to the twelfth story, to find only a barren hallway, his innate modesty restrained him from entering an office with a request to have a look from its window, but on the eastern end of the hall is a "woman's" toilet and on the floor below a "men's," so he must have descended and entered it. In it are two windows five feet from the floor. Below the window on the right is a sink two and a half feet high, and from it to the window on the left the marbles that separate the urinals reach to the sills of the windows. That above the sink was filled with architect's blue maps to be developed in the sunlight, so, to get a look from the left window he had to raise himself and perch upon the marble slabs. The windows are 28 inches wide, and the lower sash, when raised, makes an opening of 24 inches. To get a view, from his stature (he was 5 feet 10½ inches tall), he would have to crouch his person. In doing this from his perilous perch on the marble slab, as he looked out and perhaps dazed and made giddy by the act, he lost his balance, and in trying to save himself, his hands grasping for the wall may have given his body a momentum that sent it forward and across the intervening space that separates the buildings, striking his feet on the sill of the window of the Mint. The silly story of the sight to be seen therein had led him to make the desperate and fatal venture—the rebound from this concussion sent his body back across the space, striking with his left elbow the corrugated iron flume, making a deep indentation therein, and falling through the wire screen into the basement area, where it was found.

The wearing the collar of his coat turned up was a boyish fad that I had noticed in him.

This minute interpretation of the cause, and the accident, is made to refute the scandalous and heartless charge of the Superintendent of the Betz Building, that the lad had got out of the window, and, standing on the iron braces that support the ventilator flume, had jumped to his destruction. His audacity was properly rebuked by the

Coroner at the Inquest, and he is thus mentioned, that he may be held in detestation by the reader for his cruel action. Even after the conclusion of the inquest, when approached by a friend of the boy's family, with a hope that the owners might be induced to place a guard against a recurrence of the dreadful calamity, he ordered him away with the remark: "The boy jumped out of the window. We don't want any cranks around here." "A dog's obeyed in office."

To the noble and efficient Coroner, Samuel C. Ashbridge, and his undertaker, Mr. I. Lewis Goode, the respect and thanks of the family are given for their care and humane disposition of the remains until claimed by his parents.

The recognition of the disaster and the respect paid the youth by the Teachers of the Central High and North East Grammar Schools, in placing the flags at half mast and dismissing the pupils that they might pay their respect to their late companion, the floral and written tributes of his Class, D. 6, together with the tender and Christian eulogism of President Mr. Ellis Thompson, of the Central High School, all contribute to assuage the grief-stricken family, in displaying the esteem in which their noble son was held.

To Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, B. P. O. Elks, the father, a brother Elk, returns his fraternal thanks for similar floral and personal attention, and in whose burial lot the mortal remains of his precious son are consigned to rest in peace along with what was mortal of his father's deceased friends and associates.

* * *

ONLY THE DEATH OF A BOY.

From the Pacific Elk, Portland, Oregon.

Yes, he was only a boy. Though endowed with all the graces of character that fit a true Elk for the mission of the order, his youth precluded him from membership. He met death in Philadelphia, and as soon as the sad news reached Portland, the lodge home of his father, the great heart of Elkdom in Oregon's metropolis went out across the Rockies to the far off Quaker city in sympathy. The death we chronicle and which furnishes a few thoughts on the principles of the brotherhood to which it is a princely privilege to belong, is that of Arthur Firmin Jack, son of Bro. John Jack, the well known actor, and Annie Firmin Jack, his wife. Arthur was killed in a fall from the Betz Building. The Philadelphia lodge of Elks heard of the sad death, and at once extended the practical charity that is preached only in its practice. No questions were asked. It mattered not whether the young man was an Elk or not. There was an opportunity to lend a

helping hand and that was sufficient. The hands of Elks were extended in brotherly sympathy to the bereaved parents, the hands of Elks covered the casket with garlands, the hands of Elks bore the lifeless clay to the cemetery and there consigned it to the grave in an Elk's burial plot. This is the religion of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; this is true Elkdom.

The funeral of the unfortunate lad was largely attended by members of the Philadelphia lodge of Elks, teachers and classmates from the Central High School, in which he was a student, and friends. The funeral ceremonies were of an exceptionally impressive character, and the final parting between the bereaved parents and their son was as affecting as it was pathetic. Tears of sympathy gushed involuntarily down the solemn faces of all present, though it was not until the father, John Jack, leaned over the coffin to take a farewell look of his dead son as the minister drew towards the close of his consoling words, and the composed mother knelt down before the casket, pressing, as she did, the cold and rigid hand, that the pent-up feeling of the assembled company broke forth.

The life-like form of the young student reposed in a white casket, very appropriately decorated, at the foot lying a tribute of roses and chrysanthemums formed into pillars and wide-open gate, from his coworkers—the members of the High School freshman class. Around the room were scattered other tributes of affection, many of them from the loving hands of Elks. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Chas. L. Fulforth, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, after which Prof. Ellis Thompson, president of the Boys' High School, said a few words on behalf of the school, its faculty and its pupils.

During Professor Thompson's address, Bro. Jack stood at the right of the casket, against the flower-strewn mantel-piece, while the mother of the student knelt before the coffin with the stiff hand entwined in hers.

"It is only out of justice that I speak now," broke forth Mr. Jack, in a demonstrative way, after the prayer had been delivered. He smoothed the high brow of his son, and between tears and sighs faltered, "he was good and kind; he was our only boy, but in his heart beat a kindly, lovable spirit, and he would have gone forth in the world as my only legacy—a legacy, though, which, perhaps, would have wiped out many of his loving father's shortcomings."

The tears trickled fast down Mr. Jack's cheeks as he moved away, and after a few inaudible words from Mrs. Jack, they left the side of the casket. The interment took place in the Elk's plot, at Mt. Moriah cemetery, one of the first places of sepulture dedicated to the order.

Eulogies to the memory of the deceased were delivered not only in the lodge room of Portland lodge, but at the annual memorial services December 1st as well. Furthermore, a committee consisting of Bros. D. Solis Cohen, R. E. French and A. R. Ockerman, was appointed by the lodge to draft resolutions extending to Bro. Jack the sympathy of his brothers in Portland, and expressing the thanks of the lodge for the sympathy extended and services rendered by Philadelphia lodge.

The resolutions sent Bro. Jack are as follows:

John Jack, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir and Brother:—At the regular meeting of the Portland Lodge, No. 142, B. P. O. E., held Thursday evening, Nov. 28th, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express to you the heartfelt sympathy of every member of the lodge which goes out to you in the great bereavement which has fallen upon you and your esteemed wife. It will be impossible for us to find words to express all that we feel. We shall, therefore, not make the attempt, but will simply assure you that on the evening mentioned and also at the memorial services last Sunday afternoon, our thoughts were with you, and we appreciated the greatness of the trial through which the Divine has seen fit to make you pass.

Your son, during his residence in Portland, was known to a great many of us and loved by every one who knew him. His manliness of character was his chief characteristic, and we feel that he goes before his God with a pure soul and an unpolluted mind, fit to receive all the grace and favor that there awaits those who have finished their earthly career. His preceptor, Dr. Hill, on Sunday afternoon spoke beautifully of his character, and we assure you, our brother, that away off on this Pacific Coast, during all your trouble, there were those whose hearts bled with yours. Fraternally yours, etc.

This acknowledgment was sent to Philadelphia lodge:

Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, B. P. O. E., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs and Brothers:—At a regular meeting of Portland Lodge, No. 142, B. P. O. E., held Thursday evening, Nov. 28th, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express to you the sincere thanks of our lodge for the sympathy and services which you extended to our brother, John Jack, in his late bereavement. We assure you, brothers, that we appreciate your actions as an evidence of that fraternity which binds us strongly together, despite all space and distance, and we feel that every heart throb which you gave to our dear brother in his terrible affliction was an expression of the spirit which we will always bless and be characteristic of our beloved order.

Fraternally yours, etc.

Bishop Scott Academy, J. W. Hill, M. D., Principal.
Portland, Oregon, Jan. 13th, 1896.

Mr. John Jack, New York, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—I was pleased to receive your letter of last December, and to know that you had received any consolation from the fact that I had been called upon to say a few words in recognition of the noble qualities of your departed son at the Lodge of Sorrows recently held by the Elks. I made no notes or memoranda at that time, and the enclosed copy is reproduced from memory. Without the surrounding circumstances, I cannot do as well in writing as I did in speaking to the Lodge. Spoken words at their very best are cold, but written words are ever more so. Under the circumstances, it is the best I can do.

I wish to assure you and your wife of my most hearfelt sympathy in this, your hour of affliction, and to express my own pleasure at being able to assist you, even in the slightest degree, to lighten your load of sorrow.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) J. W. HILL.

* * *

DR. J. HILL'S ADDRESS AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE OF PORTLAND LODGE, NO. 142, B. P. O. ELKS, HELD SUNDAY, NOV. 28, 1895, AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

Exalted Ruler and Members of the Lodge:—

When called upon last evening by your Exalted Ruler to make a short address, I hesitated before complying from no motive except that I felt I was scarcely able to do full justice to the subject and to myself.

My first acquaintance with Master Jack began in the school year of 1891, when the lad was brought to my school by his noble father, John Jack. My impression of the lad at first sight was favorable, and the feeling gradually grew stronger until it ripened into an attachment second only to that of a father for his son, that which an earnest, conscientious teacher must feel for a proper boy placed under his care and guidance.

If I could mention any one trait which belonged peculiarly to this lad to distinguish him from others of his age, I would say that it was his earnestness of purpose and his high sense of honor in all his dealings. He had a lovely, loving and lovable disposition, and soon made himself a general favorite with all whom he came in contact

with. This characteristic of earnestness was most marked in all his dealings, and he seemed old and dignified beyond his years. It seemed to me, and I say it with all reverence, as though he had, even at that age, been marked by the Supreme Ruler of all for his own, and now we find that He has called him to Himself.

No man having any trust in the Supreme Ruler can feel within his own soul that such lives as this of which I am now speaking are lived in vain, or that they end in the grave, but must feel that they are only an introduction to a higher and better life.

None but a father who has seen his heart's delight fade away before his very eye can realize the depth of sorrow that your friend has been called upon to bear.

To the sorrowing father and mother, and to you, their friends, I can only add that this great sorrow will be softened by time, and that it will gradually fade into a blessed memory, and that they will realize, as time goes on, that they have only cast an anchor on the other side.

* * *

At a meeting of the Freshman Class of the Central High School, held November 18th, 1895, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His inscrutable wisdom to remove from a happy and useful career among us our beloved classmate, Arthur Firmin Jack .

Resolved, That while bowing in submission to the Divine Decree, we desire to take this opportunity of expressing our sense of the loss that has befallen us.

Although associated but a short time, we had learned to appreciate and value rightly the many good and manly qualities which had endeared him to us as a Classmate, and which rendered his future so hopeful and promising. The manly sincerity of his character, the sturdy self-reliance of his disposition, his wide and varied knowledge, and his Christian courtesy have not been without influence upon us, and the memory of his life will be truly cherished by those with whom he worked.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the bereaved parents as an expression of the sincere sympathy of the Freshman Class; that they be entered at large upon the minutes of the Class, and that they be published in the C. H. S. Mirror.

H. IRWIN,
A. HENRY,
A. JAMES,
Committee.

Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, December 5th, 1895.

Whereas, Our member, John H. Jack, has sustained a great personal and irreparable loss, in the sudden and accidental loss of his dear and beloved son, Arthur Firmin Jack,

Be it Resolved, That this school, the Cooper Literary Institute, of Philadelphia, extends its unanimous sympathy to him and his dear wife, in this the hour of their bereavement and trial.

And be it Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes, and a written copy be sent to the afflicted parents. Attest:

President, ORMAND RAMBO.
Secretary, JOHN B. LOMAS.

T. CHALMERS FULTON,
RUDOLPH KINDIG.

* * *

IN MEMORIAM.

(From the Official Organ of the Associated Alumni of the Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa., "The Mirror," December, 1895.)

"The sudden and awful death of Arthur F. Jack threw a pall of sadness over the entire school. Young Jack had just entered the school, but already had won the love of his fellows and the good will of the faculty. All who knew him liked him, and the frightful accident which caused his death was a shock to all; but God in His infinite wisdom chose to take him to Himself, and all we can do is to pray that when our time comes we may leave as good a record as did this boy.

The Mirror extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved family, and laments with them the death of one so young and yet so full of promise."

DEATH OF ARTHUR JACK.

Through a touching letter received on Monday from John Jack by our townsman, Hon. R. L. Grove, we learn of the death through a terrible accident of the lad whose name appears above. He was a winsome lad, 15 years of age, and of promising talents. Many of our readers will remember him only as a bright-eyed, cooing baby, as he was trundled about the village by his devoted parents in his infancy, and deeply will they sympathize with the nearly heart-broken parents whose brightest star has departed from their lives.

The lad met his death by a fall from near the top of the Betz Building at Philadelphia while endeavoring to obtain a view, of which he was to write in an essay being prepared in connection with his school duties, he being a student of the Central High School of that city.

Many of their old-time Waukesha friends will sympathize deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Jack in their great sorrow.—Waukesha, Wis., Freeman, Dec. 5th, 1895.

* * *

THE JACK MEDAL OF HONOR.

Mr. John Jack, the distinguished actor, has prepared a medal of honor in memoriam of his son, Arthur Firmin Jack, who met his death about a year ago as the result of a most unfortunate accident. The young man was a most promising student at the Central High School, and his father has determined to make some fitting recogniton of the esteem and affectionate regard of his classmates by offering to the most successful student this handsome medal of honor. It will be presented at a meeting of the class to be held next week to Joseph Morgenthein Herzberg.

ARTHUR FIRMIN JACK MEDAL. GIVEN BY THE FATHER IN MEMORY OF HIS DEAD SON—A LETTER FROM THE WINNER.

The Arthur Firmin Jack medal of honor for the Central High School, awarded Joseph M. Herzberg, is a very handsome tribute prepared by Captain John Jack in memory of his son. By keeping his name associated with his class the father hopes, while honoring his boy, to make his remembrance an incentive for his companions to persevere in their studies and so continue a factor in the class until its commencement in '99, when a more costly trophy shall be presented to the senior who makes the record of the class.

The family of young Herzberg write that "it is an auspicious omen for Joseph that he is honored with that beautiful token of love of a father for his son. Having been parted from his father, whose death only occurred a few months ago, this noble gift, which he gained by his studies, will remind his constantly of a father's devotion."

The recipient writes to Captain Jack: "I fully appreciate your kindness to D. 6 Class. As in life he was our friend, so in death he will be nearer enshrined in our hearts."

Young Herzberg is in St. Louis, where he will pass his vacation, and the presentation of the medal has been postponed until the class reassembles in September. The medal was designed by the father.

DIPLOMAS FOR HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

John Jack, the actor, presented to Joseph M. Herzberg, president of the freshman class, of which his son, who recently died, was a member,

a medal with a picture of his son engraved thereon, and this inscription:

"Medal of Honor, Freshman Class, Central High School, Philadelphia, May, 1896."

Arthur Firmin Jack, it will be remembered, fell from the tenth story of the Betz Building some months ago, and was instantly killed. He was a most promising lad, and a great favorite with the professors and his classmates.

HIS LAST VISIT.

The father said:—

I had arranged that on the Friday, Nov. 1st, two weeks before the dreadful occurrence, that, after school that day he should come to us in New York, that he might be measured for a suit of clothes and be provided with an overcoat and a reefer which he had set his heart upon. He came, and his boyish love was evident in his every action. On the Sunday his buoyant spirit had full sway, in affectionately caressing the various members of the family, his dying Grandmother, his affectionate Aunts and his hopeful Mother, were especial objects of his love, while the bald spot upon my aging head felt the impress of his filial love in kisses that hourly left their influence on the heart and spirit of a fond and loving parent.

If there is an intuition vouchsafed us, unknowingly, to anticipate the end, that noble soul was filled with it, though it took the form of happiness—happiness made more impressive by the experience of an unusual separation.

In the evening we accompanied him to the R. R. Station. As the boat was entering the dock at Jersey City, he, his mother and her sister were advancing from the cabin, I following. Casting his eye about, he observed me, and coming to me placed his arm about my neck with the remark, "Pop, I have had a splendid visit." I replied, "Arthur, I am glad to hear you say so." "Oh, I am very comfortable over there (Philadelphia), and they do everything to make me so, but I was getting a little lonely—but this visit has made me very happy, and I go back to my school work with pleasure. Give me a kiss, Pop., another one"—and so, with his arm about my neck we passed on to the wharf and to the station, where, finding that the train scheduled 45 minutes later preceded the one then starting in reaching Philadelphia, we enjoyed another brief hour with the dear one. We were permitted to enter the gate, and after an affectionate leave taking, his mother having placed him in a seat in the car, the train started, we throwing kisses to each other, his beautiful face was lighted with love, his sparkling eyes beaming through the dark lashes that en-

circled them, glanced towards us, all that the affectionate heart prompted, while his manly impulse to restrain the tears that unbidden filled them, was apparent in the firm compression of his lips—thus, with the outward speeding of the train he passed from our sight. As I looked into the void before me, with his visage alone in my memory, an impulsive thought depressed me, "should anything happen to him?" With a determined effort, that has ever been my support when danger threatened, whether it was in a storm at sea or in the raging violence of an action in battle, I cast it aside, and so,—my beloved became a memory—a father's dream had vanished.

A fortnight later, in the grim environment of an undertaker's room I was gazing on all that was mortal of my pride, my hope, inanimate, beautiful and noble in death, the lofty brow that betokened a mind filled with love and ambition, was a stilled mask, the spirit that had controlled it was fled forever and the possibilities of a useful life, shrouded in the grim mystery of the future. Let us hope that a perusal of his work may lead to such action in others as will prove his brief career in life had not been in vain.

* * *

EXTRACT FROM HIS LAST LETTER.

1335 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia, Nov. 10th, 1895.

Dear Mama and Pop,—

The day is dreary and rainy, but I am contented enough. Am afraid New York, is the same, still I hope you are all in good spirits.

This is your last day in New York, for some time to come, isn't it, Pop? You must be very busy preparing for the road. Hope your departure does not make either of you downhearted, though you can hardly help regretting it. Hope we can all be together some day and remain so.

Sent the following financial account to brother Ned.

(Note.—His half-brother, Edwin B. Jack, had undertaken to furnish him with funds during his school term.)

$25.00 Recd. Nov. 8th.

$4.00 Board, due last Tuesday.
.61 Wash, 2 stiff shirts made it extra large.
.05 Soda water.
.05 Foolscap paper.
.10 Belt mended on old unmended side.

4.81

$20.19 on hand.

From this, ten cents more should be subtracted, for I paid ten cents car fare out to West Philadelphia to see a schoo chum out there yesterday. Will account for this in next "financial report."

* * * * * * * * *

Spoke to McCords about gas, they'll have the pipe plugged up and give me a bracket lamp instead.

Best of luck to "Rip" and "Derrick" and to all, from

Your loving son,

ARTHUR FIRMIN JACK.

Extracts from his parents' letters received by him that morning and found upon his person, and made more precious by the life blood of the dear object of their solicitude.

Nov. 15, 1895.

My Dear Son:—

Your two postals came to-day. In regard to writing, I would say I only regarded your postals as a loving remembrance of each day, and they cheered my life and heart as God's sunshine always does. Well, there may not be a personal God, but there is surely a divine and tender nature which never fails one who is true to it. One would do well to throw themselves more for sympathy upon nature than upon man. In any and every trouble, I have had to commune with nature to soothe my soul. Never write a line to me unless your heart prompts it. It only hurts me to feel that anything you could do for me would not be spontaneously from your heart.

I have been suffering from a severe cold. I did not intend writing to either you or your father in regard to it. This is a fault I have, of writing brightly, or not at all. I have an insane objection to writing dismals, in consequence, all my life, have been misunderstood from my very mother to yourself. * * * Neither of you have written an extra line of tenderness saying, "our dear one may be suffering from separation of the two nearest and dearest to her, she is surrounded by disease, sickness, poverty—and at times hardness. She is a woman—who lives on affection and sympathy and has so little near her.

I will write her a dear, sweet letter expressing all the love, tenderness and sympathy I feel and owe her, God bless her." I used to write thus to my mother and Grandmother. * * * sent two postals of yours to Papa and wrote two letters. * * * I feel that you and he do not quite understand. MAMA.

To this letter he wrote and mailed that fatal morning, Saturday, Nov. 16th, on a postal:

Dear Mama:—

You must not think I write unlovingly or mechanically, but to-day I am going to send you a big, fat letter. Lovingly,

ARTHUR.

* * *

FROM HIS FATHER.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 13th, 1895.

My Dear Son:—

I have not yet had any of your daily missives. This is a series of ovations to Mr. Jefferson. Last night and night before, played to over forty-one hundred dollars on the two nights. Monday he lectured at Vassar College, and last night at Smith's (lady) Academy. I enclose sample of flowers. It is a very pleasant company. Your papa,

JOHN JACK.

To which he replied:

Dear Pop:—

Recd. your postal this (Saturday) morning. Have written daily to mama. I hope she forwards to you. Poor Mamsey has a bad cold. Recd. letter from her to-day with your postal. Lovingly,

ARTHUR.

Both of these cards were stamped at the Philadelphia office 10:30, Nov. 16th, ten or fifteen minutes after he had joined his God.

BIOGRAPHY.

Arthur Firmin Jack.
Aged 9 months.

BIOGRAPHY.

Arthur Firmin Jack was born in Paris, France, March 30th, 1880, while his parents, John Jack, and Annie Firmin Jack, were returning from their professional tour around the world.

He was a splendidly developed child, his mother's physician, Dr. Herbert, brother of Lord Arnichon, the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, congratulated her upon having given birth to the finest specimen of boy babyhood he had ever brought into the world.

He displayed extraordinary reasoning faculties early in childhood, was carefully reared, and besides home tuition, he was allowed every opportunity for school, that his parents' nomadic life permitted. In an address before his class at the North East Grammar School, Philadelphia, he said he had gathered such education as he possessed in thirteen different schools throughout the United States, and Canada, in periods of a few weeks to a few months, the only full term he had enjoyed was at the Bishop Scott Academy, at Portland, Oregon, where he came out at the head of his class with the highest average in the school.

Serving one month less than the full term at the North East Grammar School, he passed through the eleventh and twelfth grades, and was admitted in the spring of '95 to the Central High School, where, though less than three months a student, he had won the attention and respect of the faculty and the love and admiration of his fellow students.

As Secretary of his Class D. C. Association, he had formulated a constitution and a formula of laws for its guidance which we think worthy of a place in this brief review of his life.

CONSTITUTION OF SECTION D. 6, OF CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this organization shall be the Section D. 6. Class Association.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

The object of this association shall be to improve its members in the art of public speaking, conducting affairs in a deliberative assembly, and to promote the physical, as well as mental, health of all members by the formation of athletic clubs to contest in healthful sports.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERS.

Sec. 1. Membership in this association is confined exclusively to the members of the Freshmen Class, Section D. 6, of the Central High School, in the City of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Sec. 2. Members can be suspended and expelled by a two-thirds vote, the president presiding impartially as judge during trial. Counsel and witnesses may appear at such a trial for and against the accused, all testimony being carefully weighed.

Sec. 3 .Anyone about to become a member must affix his signature to the constitution to complete his initiation.

ARTICLE IV.

OFFICERS.

Sec. 1. The officers of the club shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Mirror Correspondent and a Class Representative.

Sec. 2. All officers shall be elected at the first meeting of each school year.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Mirror Correspondent, and Class Representative to faithfully discharge the duties required of such officers in an association of this character. Their duties are explained explicitly in the Rules of Procedure.

Sec. 4. Any member of the association, in good standing, is eligible to election to any office for one term of one year, extending from the election at the first meeting of the school year until the first meeting of the next school year.

Sec. 5. No officer can succeed himself, but is eligible to any other office he has not occupied.

Sec. 6. An officer can hold but one office at a time.

Sec. 7. The line of succession, in case of removal of officers by any cause, is as follows:

Vice-President succeeds President.

Secretary succeeds Vice-President.

Treasurer succeeds Secretary.

Mirror Correspondent succeeds Treasurer.

Class Representatiove succeeds Mirror Correspondent.

No officer is forced, however, to leave his old position for the higher one unless he desires to do so.

Sec. 8. All officers hold their positions on their good behavior. For misdeeds they may be removed from office, suspended or expelled. If suspended, it is understood that the officer has lost his position, and when he is re-instated is but a member.

ARTICLE V.

VOTING.

Sec. 1. Plurality votes shall elect all officers and pass all motions, orders and resolutions but those of suspension of members, expulsion of members, re-instatement of members and special taxes.

Sec. 2. A special tax motion may be carried by a two-thirds vote.

Sec. 3. A two-thirds vote will re-instate a suspended or expelled member.

ARTICLE VI.

FINANCES.

Sec. 1. The monthly membership fee shall be five cents, which shall be payable at the first meeting in each school month.

Sec. 2. These dues shall form the treasury of the association.

Sec. 3. Any member, who shall not have paid his dues on or before the second regular meeting of the month, shall be notified by the secretary, that at the next regular meeting if he is still delinquent he will be expelled.

Sec. 4. The Treasurer shall be responsible for all funds placed in his keeping by this association, and shall not pay out anything, unless by the association's vote to do so.

ARTICLE VII.

MEETINGS.

Sec. 1. The regular meetings of this association shall be on the Friday afternoons of each month during term time.

Sec. 2. Special meetings may be called by the President, and he shall call a special meeting at the request in writing of three members of the association.

ARTICLE VIII.

AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the members, notice of such alteration or amendment having been given at a previous meeting.

RULES OF PROCEDURE.

ARTICLE I.

OFFICERS AND THEIR DUTIES.

Section 1. It is the duty of the President to call the meeting to order at the appointed time, to preside at all meetings, to announce

the business before the assembly in its proper order, to state and put all questions properly brought before the assembly, to preserve order and decorum, and to decide all questions of order (subject to an appeal). When he "puts a question" to vote, and when speaking upon an appeal, he should stand; in all other cases, he can sit. In all cases where his vote would affect the result, or where the vote is by ballot, he can vote. When a member rises to speak, he should say "Mr. President," and the President should reply, "Mr. A." (giving name). He should not interrupt a speaker so long as the speaker is in order, but should listen to his speech, which should be addressed to him and not to the assembly. The President should be careful to abstain from the appearance of partisanship, but he has the right to call another member to the chair while he addresses the assembly on a question; but when speaking he does not leave the chair.

Section 2. The Secretary should keep a record of the proceedings of the association. It is not his duty to record discussions, but only the resolutions, motions, orders, or whatever the action of the Society may be called. He should record every vote, stating whether the motion or resolution, which had been offered was adopted or rejected.

It is sometimes customary in the records to say that the question was discussed by Messrs. A., B. and C. in the affirmative, and D., E. and F. in the negative.

It is necessary for a Secretary to keep constantly in mind, in making his records, it is the fact that he is to record, not what was said, but what was done.

The constitution, and the rules of procedure should be written in a book with blank pages, writing only on the right-hand page. The left-hand page should be left blank, on which amendments to the articles opposite may be entered, if there should be any. Each amendment should have recorded with it a reference to the date and page of the minutes where the action of the association adopting such amendment is recorded.

It is customary to insert the constitution and rules of procedure in the first part of the association book, after which should be recorded the names of the members. Following these names the pages can be used for the minutes of the association.

Section 3. It is the duty of the treasurer to collect and hold the funds belonging to the association, and to pay out money on the order of the association.

The treasurer should make a monthly report to the association, which should contain a statement of the amount of money on hand at the beginning of the year and month, and amount received during the year and month, including the sources through which the money has come; and a statement, in brief, of the amount of money paid out by order of the association during the year and month, and the balance on hand at the end of the month. This report is usually referred to an auditing committee, consisting of one or more persons, whose duty it is to examine the treasurer's books and vouchers, and make a certificate as to the correctness of his report. The form of auditor's report is usually something like the following:

"I hereby certify that I have examined the accounts and vouchers of the above report of A. J., the treasurer of the Section D. 6 Class

Association, and find them correct, and that the balance on hand is, etc.," stating the amount on hand.

It is usual after the auditor's or auditors' report, to accept the treasurer's report.

Sec. 4. The Mirror Correspondent's duty is to correspond with the monthly "Mirror," our school paper, reporting our section news.

Sec. 5. The class representative's duty is to report the announcements made in the lecture room of the main building to the section in the annex, and he alone is able to hear the announcements. He should have a note book to note all subjects as soon as they are announced, thus preventing confusion and mistakes.

In the absence of any of the above officers an officer pro tem (pro tempore, or for the present) is elected to serve; if, however, an officer is suspended or expelled, he loses his office, and a successor must be chosen by election.

Sec. 6. In small societies there is less need of committee, for the body, as a rule, can act as a whole in a matter. But in some businesses it is necessary to have them, especially when there is a great deal of business on hand. These sub-committees (for the assembly is really the committee of the whole) examine matters referred to them, and report to the entire body.

The first named member of a committee is generally its chairman. It is his duty to call the committee together and to preside at their meetings. If he is absent, it is customary for the next member in order to preside. A majority of a committee should constitute a quorum. The committee should not act unless a quorum be present. The committee may make a majority and minority report, if the members do not agree. Individual reports may be made if there is a total division. When a majority and minority report have been presented to a body, it is competent for any member to move the acceptance of the majority report. It is proper for some other member to move to substitute the minority for the majority report. The minority report cannot be acted upon except by such motion to substitute it for the majority. When the committee's report has been read and accepted, the committee is discharged, without further motion, unless their report be a report of progress.

ARTICLE II.

TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS.

Sec. 1. Every order, resolution or motion to be submitted to a deliberative assembly should be in writing and having been read should be handed to the President. The following will illustrate the form of a resolution:

"Resolved, That the thanks of Section D. 6, Class Association are hereby tendered to Mr. (name and reason for resolution stated).

Sec. 2. A member desiring to offer a resolution or make a motion should rise from his seat and address the President by his title "Mr. President," who immediately recognizes him, providing he is the first or only one to rise. In recognition, the President announces the rising member's name. The member then having the floor, says "I move the adoption of the following resolution," which he reads and hands

to the president. If some one else seconds the motion, the President says: "It has been moved and seconded that the following resolution be adopted." He then reads the resolution and says: "Are there any remarks upon the resolution?" (He says motion if it is one. Here will follow a discussion of the resolution or motion pro and con, if the members should be so disposed. If no one rises to speak when the question is thrown open for discussion, or it having been discussed and the President thinks the debate is closed he says: "Are you ready for the question?" If no one rises to speak, he puts the question in a form similiar to the following: "The question is upon the adoption of the resolution, which you have heard read. Those of you who are in favor of adopting this resolution will manifest it by saying 'Aye,' those contrary minded 'No.' It is a vote and the resolution is adopted." If the majority vote in the negative, the President will state that the motion is lost instead of adopted. If he is in doubt, he will say: "The chair is in doubt; those in favor of the adoption of the resolution will rise and stand until counted." The President or Secretary makes the count. "Those opposed will rise," the President commands at the conclusion of the first count. At the conclusion of this count the President announces the result.

Besides his studies at the Grammar School during the term of 1894-95, he had written three volumes entitled "Chats with my Friend the Brahmin," the purpose of this work is alluded to in his introduction to the volume, and the loss of two volumes of which, by some sneak thief, has been a great disappointment to his parents while at the same time it is a serious loss to those seeking information on the subject of India.

During the same term, while only fourteen years of age he had written his story of "Chet, a Newspaper Reporter on the Expounder," a Southern daily, to which the reader is referred.

When scarcely five years of age, 1885, he visited the South, with his parents, and had ten months' experience in many of the towns and cities of the Gulf States. The information and results of observation then gathered is the basis of his depiction of Southern life as contained in his story.

His memory was somewhat remarkable, for in the wanderings of his parents he would, with companions, run through his adventures, from leaving New York City, in 1885, up to his crossing to the Pacific Coast, in 1888, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, in which he would enumerate each town or city he had visited, giving the population of each place, the back country, and their products, resources, etc., that supplied it, and never would he omit mentioning a single one, in fact, without preparation, he was able to go from where he was at the time, back to his departure from New York City, without missing a town or fact.

His great amusement, during his play time, was building railroad towns; with the debris of the streets or roads he would formulate a town with all the adjuncts of buildings, railroads, hotels, etc., that go to make up such locations.

His impulses were all good, his ambitions were to benefit humanity by a course of rectitude, honor and industry.

When eight years of age, walking with his mother on the prairie near a Canadian town, while the sheet lightning was fitfully illuminating the heavens, he said to her "That is God throwing kisses to his children."

We do not think he ever spoke ill of a human being; if wronged, or ill treated, he always had an excuse for his wronger.

He displayed a remarkable command of language from his earliest speaking days. He inclined to syllabilic words. When he would slip up in pronunciation, he evidently noted his misslip, for if asked to repeat what he had said, after a little though he would reply, using a synonym, which invariably would be correct, never by any chance attempting to repeat that which he had blundered in.

Boy-like, he was fond of playing soldier, with his father. One day in '90, in San Francisco, he visited the Cyclorama of "Gettysburg," wherein was shown the desperate conflict of the wheatfield. Looking up wistfully to his father, he said, "Pop, isn't that murder?" His father replied, "Yes, my child. War is legalized murder." From that time his soldier ardor was abated. Not that he was faint-hearted or in any degree a coward, but the humanizing impulses of his gentle nature prevailed over the brutalizing influence of the warlike spirit.

He once said: "Pop, I am a free-thinker."

"Indeed! In what respect?"

"Why, I never regard a man from the standpoint of the religion he professes, or in which he has been reared. It is his personal qualifications and actions that command my respect."

He possessed excellent dramatic instincts, and would have developed into an actor of no mean ability. He played the children's parts in emotional play with rare discretion. Upon two occasions, when his parents, producing "Under the Gaslight," and Shakespeare's "King Heny the Fourth," were without the ladies to play "Peachblossom" in the former, and the "Hostess" in the latter, he, though only twelve years of age, undertook the parts from rehearsal, playing them perfect at night. As "Peachblossom," his effort was equal to any actress they ever had in the character, while as the "Hostess" he played with a discretion and intelligence scarcely reached by actresses of acknowledged ability.

In entertainments given by his parents, in the scenes of "Moneypenny," from the "Long Strike," he impersonated Retsy, and the Telegraph Operator, very effectively; and sang songs and ballads with excellent voice and ability.

MUNICIPAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ACCIDENTS.

Is there municipal responsibility? Or does the apathy of the general public condone the lack of it? We have made a glorious close to a "War of Humanity" in relief of suffering races. And are assuming grave responsibilities in their behalf, and for the freedom of individual worship. While it is "humane" to stay the "car of juggernaut." Among religious zealots, would not "humanity" gain force and establish purity of intention were we to strive to save the blood of the innocents daily sacrificed on our streets in the wild pursuit of Mammon, to which the following correspondence is relevant:

Merchants' House,

Philadelphia, Pa., June, 1896.

Hon. Chas. F. Warwick,
Mayor of Philadelphia.

Dear Sir:—Last January I wrote the Director of Public Safety regarding a fatal accident to my son by reason of a fall from the eleventh story of the Betz Building. Claiming the accident to be the result of criminal carelessness on the part of the proprietor of the structure, by reason of leaving unguarded windows placed five feet from the floor, but made accessable by means of a sink 2½ feet high, placed under one window, and it, and the other window being reached by the marbles that separate the urinals which terminate the halls on each floor or story connected by the elevators. The great danger from the unguarded windows rests in the fact that their position, at a height that hides the danger from view, and the facility with which they can be reached, by means of the sink and marbles, being invitations to the unwary, or thoughtless, who cannot realize their peril until in it, and then too late to save themselves from the disaster that follows. These windows are about 28½ inches wide, and the sash, when raised, leaves an opening of about 25 inches in height.

I claim that although these structures are private property, the uses of the rooms and the business of their hundreds of occupants drawing visits of thousands daily, make the entrances and hallways

Arthur Firman Jack.
Aged 16 months.

on each floor, to all intent and purpose public highways, a way for all passengers without restriction, and the responsibility for the protection and safety of the passenger rests with the said proprietor.

Mr. Director:—I am impelled to call your attention to this new condition that has arisen by the erection of these lofty structures. the extent of whose menace to public safety is yet an unsolved quantity, because I feel assured that your department is the natural channel through which to seek investigation that may lead to legislation, or legal interference to compel compliance with a due regard for public safety.

These edifices are really speculative ventures created for private gain or corporative advertisement, and they have been erected, as alleged, in this case, at least, as stupendous monstrosities in disfigurement of a costly architectural beauty in a public building.

Whilst they continue isolated they leave many questions unsettled. Should they grow in number and any special locality become congested with their increase, there is a great probability of their being a menace to public health by their antagonism to hygienic precautions. tions.

The method of their construction renders their substantiality a question, only to be determined when a contingency may arise that will test their quality. Their durability and the solidity of the structure being dependent upon the metal framework being able to resist the action of the elements they may have to contend with, that may cause corrosion of the metal and so weaken the support, or, in case of an external or internal fire, may not the stone work of the walls be destroyed, exposing the metal to a heat they may be unable to withstand, and thus cause a collapse of the mass, to the injury of life and property in the vicinity. All these possibilities make them a subject for serious consideration and ceaseless watching, if the public safety is to be maintained. And every suggestion of danger that may arise should be considered, and an effort made to provide against.

Regarding the entrance and hallways to these buildings as public highways, and all reasonable minds must so regard them, the unguarded and easily approached windows in the lavatories of the different stories of the Betz Building are a public menace and a constant danger, inviting as they do, the unwary to seek a view, ignorant of the peril in which they may place themselves by so doing. Protecting such windows, so situated, with a bar or bars becomes necessary, and should be compelled; and in considering this, these openings should not be confounded with the ordinary windows in the different compartments, the latter being in the usual positions to which we

are accustomed, the danger can be seen as they are approached, and precaution or care taken by those who seek them, those complained of being placed above the line of vision do not suggest such precaution, and so continue a menace to safety, and should be made secure from the possibility of such an accident which lost the precious life of my talented son.

That calamity was not the result of a boyish hazard or idle curiosity, but came in his search for material for school work, and to fit himself for it, he had made his visit in the simple line of a duty. Recognizing the responsibility, they close the ways to the roof of the building, but leave these lavatory windows unguarded, and to escape responsibility, with the terrible disaster that befell my boy, the custodians of the building persist, with a heartlessness which seems inborn with avarice, in charging that the act was a premeditated one, thus scandalizing the virtuous character of a deserving and industrious youth, heaping additional distress upon his bereaved parents, and defying the popular cry for protection.

I am aware in asking for a favorable consideration of this complaint, that I am venturing upon delicate grounds, for those to whom my complaint may be referred may hesitate to subscribe to my views, as to do so may seem a reflection on those whose duty should have anticipated such a peril and provided against it. Still, I believe that public safety should be paramount, and human error not be maintained at the sacrifice of permanent security. Respectfully yours,

JOHN JACK.

The above his honor, Mayor Warwick, made reply that the Director of Public Safety, Mr. Beitler, had made a careful investigation, and could not see that anything could be done. And that he (the Mayor), himself, had made a personal examination, and regretted that he could do nothing in the matter.

To which I responded as follows:

Merchants' House,

Philadelphia, Pa., July, 1896.

Hon. Chas. F. Warwick, Mayor of Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 20th inst. at hand, and I thank you for your consideration of my complaint. I had not been favored with the views of Director Beitler, but in an interview with Mr. Mylert, of the Board of Building Inspection, I received orally the result of his inspection, on which the Directors' views were evidently founded. In my judgment, the Inspectors' conclusions were lame and impotent.

Arthur Firman Jack
At the age of 11.
Bugler of the Sons of Veterans of the Civil War.

I conclude from the Director's report and your own observations that the matter is outside the action of the "Board," for want of jurisdiction, that there is no law extant under which they can act. This implies that it is only through legislation the evil complained of can be remedied.

So far, I have been unable to elicit from the authorities one expression that could be construed to imply that a danger existed in the conditions complained of, not one that might sustain an appeal for legislation on the subject.

In '64, while I was in command of the Provost Guard of this city, a soldier under the influence of liquor was arrested as a straggler by the Guard, and confined in the Barracks at Fifth and Buttonwood Streets. In the morning, suffering from the delirium effect of his debauch, his actions brought upon him the taunts of his fellow prisoners. These so excited him that, in a paroxism of frenzy he dashed by the guard on duty, leaped through the window on the third floor of the building, and was killed instantly by coming in contact with the stoop and pavement below.

Immediately we had constructed an iron bar cage around the interior of the prison room, rendering a recurrence impossible. This course was approved by the military authorities, who recognized the responsibility of protecting the soldiers even when guilty of dereliction in the line of duty. "Though in the trade of war they had slain men," they recognized the claim of humanity and obeyed it. Shall it be said at the close of the nineteenth century, in this city, where was promulgated the charter proclaiming that "all men" are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and at a moment when a National Convention asserts that "American citizens, * * * must be absolutely protected at all hazards and at any cost," that private enterprise may erect and create a new public danger to "life" without making due effort to guard against it, that the authorities are powerless to enforce reasonable precautions to avert it. Or is it a fact that the pursuit of Mammon has made us indifferent to the moral attributes of our "fathers," and that regard for human life has ceased to be a factor in the ethics of modern government.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN JACK.

This closed the correspondence.

This is yellow, but it is the yellow sunlight of truth.

BOSTON EXPLOSION HORROR.

[From the New York Journal.]

The terrible catastrophe in Boston occasioned by the explosion of leaking gas, which was probably fired by a spark from an electric motor, shows us how near the people of a great city stand by the verge of death in their daily humdrum lives. Seven lives lost and upward of a hundred wounded in greated or less degree. Yet there was not one of the victims who could foresee the slightest threat of peril. It was like a bolt out of a blue sky. Street excavations in cities are commonplace; no one could have imagined a great body of leaking gas pouring from a defective main ready for instant explosion and destruction to life and prosperity.

Man's ingenuity has surrounded his life with such a complexity of mechanical conveniences and contrivances, he has created such an environment of artifice and harnessed such tremendous powers to do him service, that one marvels often at the relative paucity of accidents. Railways, machine shops, huge factories, crowded with deadly jaws of iron and steel, streets mined with combustibles almost as destructive as dynamite—these are but a few examples of the demons he has called up to increase his ease of living. That they sometimes turn and rend him if he relaxes his vigilance and precaution is not a matter of wonder.

It seems to us that far less energy and oversight are given to the prevention of such evils by the proper municipal authorities than should be. As a rule, the guardianship of human life, by enforcing the most careful supervision over the different corporate companies who are permitted to make free use of public property in excavating the streets or otherwise establishing their plants, is slack. The departments charged with such duties are perfunctory in their work and continually take great chances. The experiences of New York in such matters need scarcely be cited afresh. Other cities are as prolific of such neglect as ours. It may be that the Boston catastrophe could not have been avoided. Certainly there are times when it would seem that our demon-servants will take things in their own hands, willy nilly, and that human blame can be nowhere justly attached. But in the majority of instances this is not so, and the real devil has no hoof or horns in evidence.

What we need is a more rigid exercise of such authority as exists already well organized, and a breaking away of municipal management entirely from the habit of bestowing more or less to rich companies, who are importunate in asking favors. A little of this would go far in preventing catastrophes not dissimilar to the Boston horror.

Capt. John Jack.
Veteran of the Civil War.
Father of Arthur Firmin Jack.

JOHN HENRY JACK.

John Henry Jack, born in Philadelphia, February 1st, 1836. Engaged as call boy, Walnut Street Theater, November 15th, 1852, enrolled as a member of the Company February 1853, following season, in the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia. Season of 1854-55 was playing the First Old Men in the Marshal Theater, Richmond, Va. Season of '55-56 at the Holliday Street Theater, Baltimore, Md. Played successive seasons at Richmond, Va., St. Louis, Mo., Philadelphia, Cincinnati, O., Philadelphia, Montreal, Canada, St. Louis, New Orleans, La., Philadelphia, 1860-61, during which time he supported all the leading stars of the day. At the outbreak of the war, was managing a theater in Wilmington, Delaware; when Fort Sumpter was fired upon closed his theater, returned to Philadelphia, enlisted, and was mustered into the service as Second Lieutenant of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps. Took part in the battles around Richmond, and on the Saturday evening of Pope's three days' battles, Second Bull Run, was seriously wounded at the front of the Regiment, making a charge to protect the Old Warrenton Road bridge, was complimented in general orders and promoted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in action.

While convalescing from his wounds, he was assigned for duty with the Provost Guard of Philadelphia, in command of which he rendered varied and important duties. During the political excitement attending the Peace at any price movement in the spring of 1863, he improvised a force from the convalescents in the hospitals in and around Philadelphia, making potent the efforts of the commanding officer to prevent an apprehended riot, the dread of which was giving President Lincoln and his Cabinet much anxiety. In July of that year with a similar force so raised by him, the commanding general was enabled to put in force the draft without turbulence or riot which was threatened.

There are few actors who have had larger experience or who have made more friends than John Jack. He is an artist into whose work are brought the results of natural ability, a fine voice and a thorough training upon the stage. Mr. Jack is a versatile, all-around good artist, who does what is assigned to him with conscientious care and excellent skill; but it will probably be for his thoroughly artistic performance of Falstaff that his reputation will be most enduring. Few men have ever undertaken to play this difficult role except in a perfunctory sort of way, but there are two actors, Mr. Hackett, now deceased, and Mr. John Jack, who have made their names certain to be traditional, as memorably fine.

It is not only as an actor that the people of Philadelphia hold Mr. Jack in high regard. There was a time during the war of the rebellion when this city was threatened with great dangers by the treacherous wickedness of a lot of sympathizers with the rebels, who were trying by their violent words to incite the reckless classes of the slums to resisting by force the purposes of the Federal government. At this time Captain Jack was a young soldier of the famous Second Pennsylvania Reserves, who, recovering from wounds received in the second Bull Run battle, was on military duty in this city. General Whipple was then in command here, and the following letter shows of what valuable assistance was this patriotic young officer in organizing the force which overawed the bullies, who were big in talk, but not ready to meet bayonets:

Norristown, Pa., March 25, 1894.

Captain John Jack, Philadelphia.

Dear Captain: Yours of the 16th inst. was duly received. I was glad indeed to hear from you, and your letter recalls vividly to mind those days of 1863, so fraught with peril to the peace of Philadelphia, when, by special assignment of the President, Abraham Lincoln, I was ordered to the command of that post, preparatory to the enforcement of the law prescribing the draft—a measure at that time strenuously opposed by a powerful party of enemies in our midst; a party opposed to the war, to the policy of the administration; in short, bitterly opposed to every measure that had been or might be taken for the preservation of the Union. I remember that during this turbulent time a Copperhead, or Vallandingham, meeting was called in Independence Square, at which the leaders, backed by a mass of their followers, might voice their hatred of Mr. Lincoln and his government.

The name in which this meeting was called was synonymous with treason, and the occasion naturally excited the gravest apprehensions of a riot, and it was of the first consequence that measures should be taken to assure the peace of the city. This could only be done by having ready a force of sufficient size to ensure respect and to convince those who thought to take advantage of the situation and attack the property of the United States, or organizations of those who stood by the government, that any attempt of that kind would be speedily and effectually stamped out. It was also important that this should be done without making any undue display, as would have been the case had the Home Guards or Gray Reserves been called out; but the object was to be ready, and to get ready quietly. At this time you were commanding the provost guard, quartered at Fifth and Buttonwood streets, a force entirely too small for the business in hand.

There were, however, guards maintained for police purposes at each of the large hospitals in and about Philadelphia. I believe it was your suggestion that these guards should be mobilized, and that a force of sufficient strength for our purpose could be thus obtained.

To you was entrusted the organization of this force, and of it you formed two battalions, with the proper compliment of officers, armed them and supplied them with ammunition, and formed a coherent and effective command of them within twenty-four hours. From this command detachments were made to points likely to be attacked by the mob, viz., the United States Mint, the Schuylkill Arsenal, the Union League House and the Young Republican rooms, both on Chestnut street, and the balance held in reserve at headquarters on Girard street. By these dispositions the problem was solved, the peace was preserved, the freedom of speech in the seat of its birth was not interfered with, and at the same time, I believe, a disgraceful riot was prevented, and the national cause saved from a possible disaster.

And when a little later there arrived the more critical time for the enforcement of the draft, when the Mayor of the city and other prominent citizens advised, nay implored, that I should disobey my orders and fail to enforce the draft at the appointed time, saying that should I attempt it the city's streets would run with blood and their houses go up in smoke and flame. I remember that with every confidence in the adequacy of our preparations we met the issue with perfect calmness. I had asked for and received such number of troops as I thought necessary, and with these troops posted within convenient distances of the draft rendezvous, the draft was enforced and the law vindicated without disturbance.

As I look back upon those days I feel an honest pride that with the efficient aid of such officers as yourself and by making proper and adequate preparation I was enabled to maintain peace in the great city of Philadelphia, threatened, as it was, by an ugly mob, while in New York city at the same time and under precisely similar circumstances, for the lack of those adequate preparations, a mob dominated the city for several days, and disgraceful rioting, bloodshed and loss of life characterized their attempt to enforce the draft. We did it so quietly that the country does not know that we had a draft on Philadelphia, while it will never forget, more especially New York itself, that they did have one there, and are very sorry for it. Hoping that you are well and that I may have the pleasure of meeting you soon, I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE,
Brevet Major General U. S. Army.

Mustered out of service in November, 1865, he returned to his avocation as an actor, and for several years was a leading member of the Broadway Theater, New York Stock Company, where in 1869 he appeared successfully as Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff in King Henry the Fourth, in which character he began his career as a star, and has played it in almost every English speaking community throughout the world, which he visited with Annie Firmin (Mrs. Jack), she appearing most successfully as the mad cap Prince of Wales.

Recently he has been for several seasons with the genial comedian, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and for three seasons has been the "Sir John" in Mrs. Fiske's admirable presentation of Hardy's great play of "Tess of the Durbevilles."

ANNIE FIRMIN JACK.

Annie Firmin Jack was born in London, England, but came a child with her family to New York, where she was reared. Her paternal grandmother was a Miss Spurgeon, sister of the father of Mr. Charles Spurgeon, the celebrated Baptist minister, of London. Her father, John Firmin, previous to visiting America, had the Firmin Radical Academy, Black Friar's Road, London, where he invented and practiced the system of object grammar teaching now taught in the schools throughout Great Britain. After her son was born in Paris, France, while she was visiting London, her father's third assistant in his Academy was receiving regal honors for the system which her father had created. Possessing a soprano voice of rare excellence, she was studying for the lyric stage, but a disaster occurring to her father's business, and an opportunity offering, she accompanied Mr. Charles Wheatleigh to California, where she made her appearance in San Francisco as Kitty Riedout in the "Flying Scud." After a season's experience she returned to New York and became a member of John Brougham's Company at the Fifth Avenue Theater, after which she joined forces with Mrs. John Drew in Philadelphia. A year's experience at Wood's Museum (now Daly's), in New York—and she became the partner of John Jack and shared the attraction with him in starring adventures—during which she created the part of Mercy Merrick, in the New Magdalen, and in kindred parts won much distinction in all parts of the world. Of late years she has been living in retirement in New York City, occupying her leisure studying the leading roles in Italian Grand Opera. Negotiations are now pending for her appearance therein.

Annie Firmin Jack.
The Mother.

WALTER JACK DUNCAN,

Whose pen and ink sketches illustrate the story of Chet on the Expounder, is a grandson of Mr. John Jack, and nephew to the author. As a lad of seventeen his work evinces more than ordinary talent, an ability that will most likely expand. He was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, January 1st, 1881, is now a student in the Training School of that city. With industry he bids fair to rank among the rising artists of the Hoosier State.

HISTORICAL.

HISTORICAL.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Around the World—Wanderings of an Actor and Actress in Three Continents—Five Years' Absence from New York—One of the Longest Starring Trips on Record—In India, China and Africa.

[New York Telegram, October 30, 1880.]

Mr. John Jack and Annie Firmin, the well known dramatic artists, who have just returned from a professional trip around the world, gave an interesting account of their wanderings in the Orient. They left New York in April, 1875, to fulfill engagements in San Francisco. During the following three years they played through the Territories and in the Pacific States, and in February, 1878, they sailed from San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands. Landing in Honolulu they appeared in many important roles, King Kalakaua, the royal family and the American and foreign residents attending their performances, which continued for one month. Miss Firmin achieved a brilliant success here in learning in the space of five days an original Hawaiian song, set to a native air, which she sang to the great delight of the royal family and the natives. Every night on which she sang this song several thousand natives would crowd around the beautifully picturesque theater, unable to gain admission, owing to the crowd inside, and join in the chorus. The effect was most charming. A month of play alternated with the enjoyment of the varied sights of this beautiful island.

IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

They continued on their course, leaving the fixed star of our northern firmament behind, advanced across the equatorial line to take up the great antipodean constellation of the Southern Cross. Passing through the Fijian and within sight of the Samoan Islands, a fortnight brought them to the shores of New Zealand. Commencing at Auckland, they played a two months' engagement, meeting with renewed success and enjoying the novelty of an entertainment by the son and granddaughter of King Shortland, the great Mauri chief at Grahamstown, on the Thames, where they ate shark and sweet potatoes

with the native New Zealanders and inspected the new native parliament house, built of hewn and split logs, carved and painted by and from designs prepared by the natives themselves.

In July they entered the beautiful and extensive harbor of Sydney, New South Wales, and landing at the town of the same name soon had the honor of appearing for a brief period in the initial city of the great continent island of Australia. Thence they journeyed to the chief city of the antipodes, Melbourne, the American city, so-called on account of the enterprise instilled into the Anglo-Australian by the Americans who rushed there from our Pacific coast on the discovery of gold. Next in order they visited Adelaide, the thriving metropolis of South Australia. Here were to be seen results of the Centennial Exposition. American manufacturers and American ideas were very popular. Here street railways were in operation and American built street cars were running on the lines. Three months of prosperity rewarded this visit, when our artists returned to Melbourne and took steamer for India. They first landed at Point du Galle on the island of Ceylon. In Southern India legend ascribes this beautiful spot as the refuge of our first parents when driven from the Garden of Eden.

IN INDIA.

Five days brought them to Bombay, the capital of the presidency of that name, a city of 500,000 inhabitants, and the second British city of importance in India, the bay of which is second only to Sydney harbor, the two with the harbor of Rio Janiero being the three finest in the world. The wanderers then visited Calcutta, by rail 1,400 miles across the peninsula of India, and then proceeded north as far as Delhi, visiting all the important points along the road, including Barrackpore, Dinapore, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi, inspecting the relics of the great Indian mutiny, the palaces at Lucknow, the tombs of the wife of the great Shah Jehan, known as the Taj, one of the wonders of the world, together with the fort at Agra, containing the pearl mosque, the looking-glass baths, and the Hall of Audience of the Great Emperor, Akbar Khan, the wonderful tombs of this ruler, together with the tombs of the kings at Delhi, and the Kootub towers at the latter place. These sights well recompensed the artist tourists for their journey, while the success attending their performances made their wanderings still more agreeable. Retracing their steps, they returned to Calcutta, and thence to Bombay, where new triumphs awaited them. At the former place they visited the traditional sites of the black hole of Calcutta, the gardens of the King of Oude, where they saw, among other wonders, the extraordin-

ary adjutant bird and the French dancing master. The former a species of the ostrich, named from his military strut, and the latter, towering like an immense stork, gambols most grotesquely. They also visited the king's snakery, containing over 5,000 venomous reptiles. The Seven Tanks, being seven dams or reservoirs of water on the grounds of the Indian Prince, are interesting for the drive thereto, and the famous carp they contain of enormous growth, similar to those at Fontainbleau, in France, which come to the shore and feed from the visitors' hands. At Bombay they visited the caves of elephants and inspected the wonderful Buddhist relics. These caves are hewn in the solid rock, portions being left standing as columns to support the roof, all the interior being richly carved in bas relief, representing emblematic scenes from their mythology. The main hall is about sixty feet square and fifteen or twenty feet from floor to ceiling.

SCENES IN MADRAS.

Leaving Bombay, the tourists visited Poona, Hyderabad and Secunderbad, the ancient capital of the Brahmins and the Nabobs, and went to Madras, also visiting Ootacamund and Bangalore, the mountain resort of the presidency (presidency is equivalent for what we term a state or territory). At Madras it was novel to observe the fishermen on three pieces of timber (about eighteen or twenty feet long) lashed together, forming a catamaran, going a mile or two from shore to follow their vocation. Their return through the surf was most exciting, though perhaps not so dangerous as it appeared. Their fish baskets and tackle were lashed to their primitive boats, which they paddled with pieces of board six feet long and as many inches wide. Their attire consisted of a small piece of cotton cloth about their loins and a conical shaped hat made of cocoanut fiber, fitting tightly on the head, and which is said to be waterproof. At all events they will carry notes and letters to outward bound vessels, going through the most violent seas with their messages under their hats.

BURMESE PAGODAS.

Crossing the sea of Bengal the wanderers next entered British Burmah, and at Maulmain and Rangoon they saw the wonderful pagodas, octagonal in shape at the base, which rise in successive tiers, each diminishing in size one above the other. After about three tiers, they assume shapes not unlike a carrot, the thick part uppermost, and the whole surmounted by a sort of umbrella, resembling an in-

verted tambourine. This has attached to it a quantity of bells, which, being shaken by the wind, fills the air with tintinnabulations. This umbrella is fretted with most rare jewels and precious stones, the principal one at Rangoon costing millions of dollars to embellish. The structure is of brick and cement, the whole gilded with gold. The base of the pagoda is surrounded with altars, containing heathen gods, some with pure gold heads, others all gilded, at which the Buddhist pays his devotion, which consist in counting beads, prostrations, the burning of tapers and the utterance of formulas, similar in many respects to the forms observed in Catholic places of worship. Bells are always stationed at these places of prayer, some of very huge dimensions, which they strike upon leaving their devotions, that the sound may accompany their offering to the throne on high.

IN AFRICA.

Leaving Rangoon they coasted down the Indus-Chinese Peninsula, passing through the straits of Malacca, stopping at Penang, Malacca and Singapore, then up through the China Seas to Hong Kong, Canton, Amoy and Shanghai, playing successfully at each place. Returning to Bombay, they crossed the Arabian Sea and entered the Gulf of Aden, and thence into the historic Red Sea. Entering the mouth of the canal they landed at Suez and pressed the soil of ancient Egypt. Passing along the skirts of the great desert they beheld the strange mirage which has so frequently been the fearful delusion of the traveler, visited grand Cairo, Heliopolis, the famous mosques, the citadel, standing upon the spot from whence sprang the last of the Mamelukes; sailed upon the waters of the fertilizing Nile, gazed upon the traditional resting place that once sheltered Moses, and ascended the Pyramids and stood upon the ear of the awe-inspiring Sphynx, looking down into the recovered tombs of this ancient Necropolis. Proceeding still westward, they entered the famous Delta of the Nile, and reaching the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, at last found themselves in the grand old city of Alexandria. Leaving Africa the tourists visited Greece and Italy, and then returned to this country via France and England. Their son, Arthur Firmin Jack, was born in Paris, France, Tuesday, March 30, 1880.

"The recent exploit of our magnificent navy," says John Jack, "recalls an episode of my 'starring tour around the world.' While playing at Shanghai in November of '79, I found our American Chinese fleet to be the largest that the United States had ever sent to those waters. Our navy had not reached the grand development that later years has given it. While it was large, it had no up-to-date warships

or cruisers. Rear Admiral Patterson commanded, with the S. S. Richmond as his flagship. Visiting a German warship by the courtesy of its officers, I was nettled at the comparisons, courteous, but, as I thought, somewhat sarcastic, made at the expense of our antique fleet. As I returned to the shore it occurred to me that the following Thursday would be our National Thanksgiving holiday. What a splendid opportunity it would be, without exciting unfavorable comment, to have a display of our marine and naval forces on shore. I called on our Consul General, David H. Bailey, an agreeable gentleman and a spirited American. I knew he was on excellent terms with the Admiral, who was to lunch with him that day. So I asked if he could not get him to consider the suggestion. He did so. The Admiral enthused at the proposition, issued orders for details from the fleet, and on Thursday, November 27, 1879, the detachments were formed into six companies of marines, four of sailors, two armed with muskets and two with side arms only—making a splendid battalion of ten companies, and four howitzers drawn with ropes by the blue jackets. With "Old Glory" in their midst and preceded by the excellent band of the Richmond, they paraded the streets of Shanghai, proceeded to the race grounds, where dress parade was formed and several battalion movements executed. After several salvos from the guns of the battery, the line of march was taken up to the starting point, where they were dismissed and returned to their respective ships. This is recorded as the first apearance of American troops, in regular formation, on the soil of the Orient. The physique of our men, the excellent discipline displayed and the precision of their evolutions excited the pride of the American colony, and won the admiration of the different nationalities represented in the treaty port. Admiral Patterson subsequently congratulated and thanked me for my timely suggestion, which, he said, might not otherwise have occurred to him. To those, living, who participated in the ceremony, and those who witnessed it, the event of Dewey, on May 1, 1898, in Manila Harbor, must have recalled the pleasant recollections of that Thanksgiving day in 1879 at Shanghai as a fitting prelude to the glorious achivements of an up-to-date American fleet, startling the world with its effectiveness, and marking the evolution of our institutions and the forward march of our great Republic."
—Commercial Tribune, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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